

# MARIA HAROURT.

A N O V E L.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

WRITTEN IN DAILY JOURNALS.

( NEVER BEFORE ATTEMPTED.)

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

LORD WINWORTH, PHEBE, &c.

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V O L. II.

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" I AM UNFORTUNATE, BUT NOT ASHAMED  
" OF BEING SO."

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## MARIA HARCOURT.

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M O N D A Y.

*Nine o'Clock.*

I Arose this morning earlier than usual, though I scarcely slept an hour in the night, on account of the unexpected misfortune I met with the preceding evening.—Mrs. Worthy and her son, who were all the while consulting among themselves how to regain Mr. Courtney's esteem, advised me this morning to write to him,

VOL. II. B and

and candidly confess the mistake.—But I peremptorily objected to this; whereupon Mr. Worthy, after breakfast, declared he would call upon him, according to promise, and explain all himself. He was desirous to keep Mr. Courtney's esteem, on account of his promised assistance; therefore, for his Emma's sake, as well as mine, was he determined to seek him immediately; and disclose, at the same time, the purport of my brother's letter.

*Eleven o'Clock.*

Mr. Stafford paid us a morning visit.—He perceived, he said, a very great alteration in me since yesterday evening; and, as soon as Mrs. Worthy had left the room, about her house affairs—strongly importuned the cause of my anxiety, and promised every

every assistance in his power. Without further hesitation, I disclosed to him my name, the mistake which my landlady had unfortunately committed, and the consequent fears of Mr. Courtney's never visiting us again.

Mr. Stafford betrayed great uneasiness upon the relation of this; he wished to Heaven he had seen the letter, wondered I did not before avow myself, and show it to him —then sighing—hoped that this unhappy discovery might not be the cause of any distress to Julia. I sincerely joined in his prayer, as I should be, indeed, very unhappy if my friend suffered upon my account.

As well as I could recollect, I repeated to Mr. Stafford the particulars of Julia's letter.—He seemed confused at the mention of her prior affections,

and consequent aversion to Mr. Charlemont.—But he was greatly afraid that her remarks upon Mr. Courtney's character, describing his great benevolence and bitter enmity, might occasion some disagreement between a father and daughter.—However, he disguised his thoughts upon this business as much as possible, not choosing to augment my fears, and add to my present distress.

He particularly enquired if she had unfortunately discovered the name of that happy man, for whom she had entertained a passion.

I told him she did not, as she said in her letter, it was of no consequence, because I did not know him.

Indeed, had my friend entrusted me with the secret, I think I should not

not have told it to Mr. Stafford, for I now, more than ever, suspected that he had some secret affection for my friend ; his distress, during many of my observations, being very visible.

Mr. Worthy now came in, and informed us, that his search for Mr. Courtney was in vain.

He said that he went to Mrs. Motley's, where he was told that the old gentleman was very much displeased upon the discovery of the wrong letter.

Mrs. Motley, however, assured me, that it was his intention to conceal it from his daughter Julia, who was just arrived.

“ Julia arrived !” echoed Mr. Stafford, in a trembling voice.

I was astonished myself at the news—but, alas ! did not feel that pleasure, which, had I preserved her father's esteem, most certainly I should.—Too well I recollect Mr. Courtney's late promise, that I should be his daughter's companion—but now—that hope was no more—the promise was void—for the friendship between us was, alas ! at an end.

“ Yes,” continued Mr. Worthy, “ arrived ; and I heartily wish, for all our sakes, that this matter was cleared up to Mr. Courtney,—for he is a man that could have served us all.”

“ Alas ! I wish so too—but I despair now of ever being so happy.”

Mr.

Mr. Worthy, however, assured me that he had explained the mistake, and my distress, so forcibly to Mrs. Motley, that he was certain the old woman would do all in her power to renew the friendship, and make us as happy as before. He added, that he was shortly to see her again, in respect to Miss Commerce's business ; at the same time conjured me to keep up my spirits, and hope all for the best.

Mr. Stafford enquired very particularly about his Julia.

Our friend Mr. Worthy declared that she was in perfect health ; but advised me by all means to write, and discover this unhappy affair to my friend, that she might, in case of any reproaches from her father, be prepared to vindicate herself. I im-

mediately acquiesced, and promised to send her a letter by to-day's post.

We were suddenly interrupted by Mrs. Worthy, who running into the parlour, with a countenance of horror, exclaimed,

“ Heaven preserve us all!—*Ve* are  
“ never sure of living in this *world*—  
“ so many terrible accidents.—”

“ What—what—Mrs. Worthy?” was the general question.

“ Mr. Charlemont, I am *werily* told,  
“ is at the point of death.”

“ Who says so ?” exclaimed her agitated son, sincerely feeling for my apparent distress.

“ *Why*

"Why the servant here has *had* it from another—it is all over the town."

"Be not alarmed, Miss Harcourt," cried the generous Stafford,—"Mr. Charlemont will recover."

"No—no—he *will* not.—*Vby* I am  
"told, that old Mr. Charlemont, his  
"father, is going down to the country  
"immediately, and Mr. Courtney is  
"determined to leave his daughter  
"here, and *visit* Sir Isaac Littleton's  
"about it. — Yes, and I hear  
"that young Mr. Charlemont *will*  
"hardly live till his father arrives to  
"see him.—Oh ! poor dear man—I  
"pity him from my *wery* soul."

I was almost ready to faint at Mrs. Worthy's unhappy intelligence; but Mr. Stafford whispering me, requested

that I would follow him into the garden, where he would divulge a secret which concerned me only.—Having begged me to keep up my spirits, and giving Mrs. Worthy some seasonable advice, not to pay attention to every idle report, he left us.

Mrs. Worthy immediately after his departure, railed bitterly against his pretended friendship ; said that she had told the dismal news on purpose before him,—“ for,” cried she, “ I had “ hopes that this sad account, *which*, “ I *wow* and *purtest* is *very* true, “ *would have prewailed* upon Mr. Staf-“ *ford to go down to his friend, as* “ *he says he is, and be of serwice to* “ *him. But you see he only laughed* “ *at me, and never appeared in the* “ *least*

“ least alarmed.—Friend, indeed !—I  
“ hate such *wile* deceitful creatures.”

Mrs. Worthy would have still persisted in her revilings against Mr. Stafford's duplicity, had not her son more wisely remarked, that he must certainly know best how the young man was ; for he was sure that he corresponded with Mr. Charlemont.

“ *Vell then,*” replied Mrs. Worthy,  
“ since you *will* have the truth out,  
“ —you must know that Mr. Court-  
“ ney's *servant* *was* here about half an  
“ hour ago.”

“ Mr. Courtney's servant ! oh, hea-  
“ vens ! for what ? to whom ?”

“ He enquired for Mr. *William* Har-  
“ court. Recollecting the mention that

“ *was* made of him in the letter *which*  
“ *you read to me*, I informed the  
“ *servant* that he *was* not at present  
“ *at home*—but that I *would* receive  
“ *whatever message* he *would* leave for  
“ *him*.—Upon *which* the *servant* put  
“ *a letter* into my hand addressed to  
“ *him*. I confess that my *curiosity* *was*  
“ *great*—for I mistrusted the con-  
“ *tents*, and opening the *sides* of the  
“ *letter*, *without* ever injuring the *seal*,  
“ I saw that the *writing* *was* *inclosed*,  
“ and *without* much *difficulty*, took the  
“ *letter* out of the *cover*.—Here it  
“ *is*.”

Mrs. Worthy now put the letter in-  
to my hand, which ran thus :

“ SIR,

“ MISS Harcourt, whom I now un-  
“ derstand to be your brother’s daugh-  
“ ter,

“ter, has been the cause of great  
“uneasiness to me. I request, there-  
“fore, that no letters from Mr.  
“Charlemont, as I understand he writes  
“to Mrs. Worthy’s house, may be, for  
“the future, admitted.

“ He is my son-in-law by contract,  
“ and whoever attempts to withdraw  
“ his affections from his intended bride,  
“ shall not only meet mine—but also  
“ his father’s just resentment.

“ I am sorry to hear, this day, that he  
“ is so exceedingly ill, as not to be able  
“ to leave the country; as this is a mat-  
“ ter of some consequence then, which,  
“ will very much concern your brother,  
“ I request you will write to him imme-  
“ diately, and prepare him for the  
“ worst.

“ I take

“ I take the liberty of addressing *you*,  
“ as you may be the means of preserving  
“ your niece from hereafter misery, by  
“ sending her immediately home to her  
“ father’s, from which, I understand, she  
“ ran away.

“ I remain,

“ Sir,

“ Yours,

“ E. COURTNEY.”

His daughter’s words were indeed verified; for Mr. Courtney was no longer a friend, but my enemy.—I wished I had not seen the letter—yet I was glad—for I could no longer deceive myself with the delusive hope of ever more regaining his esteem.—But when I recollect longer, I thought Mrs. Worthy

thy greatly in fault for daring to peruse it ; but she bid me think nothing about it, " for she could easily, she said, put the letter again into the cover, and if she pleased, send it back to Mr. Courtney, *with word*, that the gentleman had left the house abruptly, and she could not tell *where* he had gone to."

I advised Mrs. Worthy to do this immediately, ere it was too late ; but the old lady was so enraged at the supposed duplicity of Mr. Stafford, that she little heeded any thing I said. Her son was unwilling to censure the gentleman without stronger proofs.

However, desirous to see Mr. Stafford alone, as he intimated that he had something particular to disclose, I requested Mrs. Worthy to let me take the letter, promising to discover all to Mr. Stafford, who was now, I added, very

for-

fortunately in the garden, whereby I should have a happy opportunity of proving his friendship. The old lady gave me the letter, and I instantly repaired to the garden.

*One o'Clock.*

Mr. Stafford soon joined me, immediately addressed me in the following manner :

“ Madam, I have taken this method  
“ of dispelling those gloomy fears  
“ which I plainly understand to be  
“ the sole cause of your distress; also  
“ of defending myself from the unjust  
“ impeachments of falsehood, and in-  
“ gratitude to my friend; for I know  
“ Mr. and Mrs. Worthy and you sus-  
“ pect my affection for Charlemont;  
“ but I assure you, Miss Harcourt, that  
“ he is perfectly well.”

“ Oh,

“ Oh, Sir,” cried I, “ why then was  
“ this extraordinary letter, which came  
“ from Mr. Courtney, and was written  
“ with an intent to be perused by my  
“ uncle, wherein Mr. Charlemont’s  
“ danger is most strongly painted—  
“ Why was this ever sent?”

Mr. Stafford received the letter, and read it with profound attention: “ Good heaven!” he exclaimed, “ I hope Mrs. Worthy will not betray me; for should Mr. Courtney hear of your uncle’s departure, and discover the person who supplies his place, I know not what may be the fatal consequence. I beg, Miss Harcourt, you will again enjoin her to conceal my name, for if I be discovered I must unavoidably leave the house.”

I assured

“ I assured Mr. Stafford, though at  
“ the same time I wondered much at  
“ his uneasiness, that the strictest se-  
“ crecy should be observed; but I men-  
“ tioned the necessity of returning the  
“ letter, (which Mrs. Worthy had taken  
“ the liberty of examining) as if it were  
“ unopened. Mr. Stafford begged that  
“ I would not, as all Mr. Charlemont’s  
“ scheme would then be discovered.”

“ Scheme!” I repeated—“ what  
“ scheme?”

“ I assure you, Miss Harcourt, (as I  
“ know you will be strictly secret for  
“ all our sakes) that Mr. Charlemont  
“ is very well. This illness, which is  
“ reported to have originated from the  
“ wound he received, is but a pretence  
“ —yes, Miss Harcourt — a pretence  
“ to evade a marriage which he can  
“ never approve of. I am here on  
“ purpose

“ purpose to support the scheme, that  
“ Mr. Courtney and my friend’s fa-  
“ ther may leave London to visit Mr.  
“ Charlemont, while, during their ab-  
“ sence, the ardent lover of your friend  
“ Julia may seize the happy oppor-  
“ tunity, while his tender fair is here,  
“ without a spy to disappoint them,  
“ of compleating his happiness, and  
“ removing the cause of Charlemont’s  
“ uneasiness ; then, when Miss Court-  
“ ney is married, my dear friend may  
“ assume all his natural health and vi-  
“ vacity, and visit London without  
“ any fear.

“ I confess, indeed, that the letter  
“ of Julia’s, which Mr. Courtney re-  
“ ceived in a mistake, may make him  
“ more circumspective than I wish—he  
“ may remove his daughter, during  
“ his absence, to some distant friend’s.  
“ But I hope her faithful lover may  
“ be

“ be able to surmount all difficulties,  
“ and my dear friend Charlemont be  
“ released from the anxious fears which  
“ now depress his spirits.”

This extraordinary story so awakened my sensations, that I could not help interrogating the truth of Mr. Stafford's assertion, though I was confident it was fact.

As a further and more convincing proof, however, the young gentleman put the following letter into my hands, hoping that *that* would not only remove any doubts that I might harbour, but also add something to my happiness. I read it over, with trembling eagerness, and was indeed not a little alarmed and delighted with the contents.

“ To

“ To JAMES STAFFORD, Esq.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ I still pretend to be exceedingly ill; but, ah! the wound which I feel is only *that* I have confessed—the dear Maria alone can remove it—my apprehensions on her account are indeed very great. I wish therefore that Julia’s happiness may be completed as soon as possible. I think, if we can make Mr. Courtney and my father leave London, and Julia alone, that the plan may be effected.—Concerning my dear Maria’s father, I shall endeavour, as much as possible, to defend him from any public censure—which I hope I have already done, by taking all the blame of the duel upon

“ upon myself. I request, for your  
“ own sake, that you will be very  
“ careful of avoiding my father. As  
“ you were my second, the consequences  
“ may be dangerous;—but I need say  
“ no more; your own prudence and  
“ discretion will direct you.

“ I remain yours,

“ C—”

I was indeed thunderstruck when I  
read it, and was about perusing it  
again—but the sudden appearance of  
a stranger in the garden made me in-  
stantaneously conceal the paper; and,  
supposing he had business with Mr.  
Stafford—walk aside. The gentleman  
immediately joined him. I was about  
leaving the garden, till Mrs. Worthy,  
with more horror in her looks, oppo-  
“ sed

sed me. For a while we were motionless, staring at each other ; but, as she beckoned to me, I followed her into the parlour, where she thus addressed me, in accents of violent distress :

“ Oh ! I *viſh* my son *Worthy* was  
“ *vitbin.*”

“ Why ! Good Heaven ! What is  
“ the matter now ?”

“ I am afraid the gentlemen *will* fight.  
“ Do you know who that stranger is ?”

Having confessed my ignorance, the old lady informed me, that it was old Mr. Charlemont, who, when he had entered the parlour, enquired for Mr. William Harcourt. Mrs. Worthy confessed that he had left her ; but, it seems, Mr. Charlemont perceiving Mr. Stafford and me together, supposed that

that the old lady, according to her orders, denied my uncle; and imagining that Mr. Stafford was him, without leave or apology, went into the garden.

Fear made me bold; and, without further delay, I hastened towards the window near which the gentlemen were. Having hastily opened it, I attended to the dialogue—when the following words pierced me through the very heart:

“ Yes, Sir, I know you; your name  
“ is William Harcourt.”

“ Well, Sir—I am satisfied—it is—  
“ what then?”

“ Then, Sir, mine is Charlemont;  
“ the father of that infatuated boy,  
“ who, on account of his unhappy at-  
“ tachment

“tachment to that alluring fugitive,  
“the daughter of your brother, is now  
“dangerously ill.”

“Is it in my power,” cried Mr. Stafford, dissembling, “to recall the past? Why then disturb me? I am sorry for my brother—sorry for your son.”

“Sorry!—By Heavens you *shall*.—  
“I am come, Sir, to inform you, that  
“it is my fixt and absolute determination to publish the whole affair.—  
“Your brother shall suffer for it—yes—  
“I will see him soon; but, Sir, my  
“business with you is, to give the following advice—keep your niece at  
“home. My intended daughter-in-law  
“being here, it is contrary to Mr.  
“Courtney’s will, that she should have  
“any further acquaintance with the  
“dissembling Miss Harcourt; and as

“ Julia’s father is about joining me,  
“ to see how my son is, I thought it  
“ necessary to forewarn, and bid you  
“ beware—of our resentment.”

“ Sir, for my character’s sake, but  
“ not on account of your menaces, I  
“ shall observe your directions. It is  
“ necessary, though, that you tell me  
“ where Miss Courtney is to remain,  
“ during her father’s absence, that I  
“ may prevent all communication be-  
“ tween her and Miss Harcourt.”

The unsuspecting old gentleman informed Mr. Stafford, as he wished, that Julia was to be left under the care of a maiden aunt; but, as yet, he was not sure whether Mr. Courtney and he should leave town, as they waited for a letter from Sir Isaac Littleton, whereby they might know if young Char-  
lemont

lemont was as dangerously ill as reported.

“ I am sorry,” returned Mr. Stafford, “ to inform you that he is very ill. Certainly it would be for the benefit of my brother that he should speedily recover ; but why should I conceal the truth from his so near relation ? I assure you, Sir, he is in a bad way—I had a letter from Mr. Harcourt, requesting my immediate attendance there ; but your presence, I think, would be of greater service.”

The violence of old Mr. Charlemont’s temper, interrupted Mr. Stafford’s further dissembling. His imprecations were shocking ; his menaces alarming :—my unhappy father was the sole object of his indignation. On him his curses were vented, and against him

his threatenings uttered. Till now, alas! I forgot I had a father; but the words of Mr. Charlemont, which implied immediate death and revenge, so agitated my perturbed mind, that, without recollecting what I was about, I ran away from Mrs. Worthy, and, meeting the old gentleman in the hall, while his lips were quivering with rage, I fell prostrate at his feet, and humbly begged his pity.

Struck with this unexpected scene, he ceased his fury, and, raising me from the ground, entered the parlour with me, and enquired what pity I wanted.

“ Your’s—your’s.—I am that unhappy wretch—the daughter of Mr. Harcourt.—Oh! spare my father—  
“ not

“ not for mine, (for he never loved  
“ me) but for the sake of those un-  
“ fortunate beings—my brothers and sis-  
“ ters—who are with him.”

The recollection of a son's supposed illness, roused all the paternal feelings of Mr. Charlemont, who still upbraided me and Mr. Stafford. In vain I endeavoured to exculpate myself. I assured him that I never received any clandestine letters from his son, and that I left the village on purpose to avoid his company, since it was disagreeable to his family,—that I would now leave London, and—

“ Indeed, you shall not,” interrupted Mrs. Worthy, who was afraid my declaration was serious. “ I beg, Mr.

C 3.

“ Charle-

“ Charlemont, you *will* not put the  
“ poor thing into such a fright : I *wow*  
“ and *purtest* that——”

Mrs. Worthy was herself interrupted by her own maid, who whispered something in her ear which very much alarmed her. Distressed as I was, I could not but perceive her's—However, my own sorrow was too prevalent, and I could not attend to any other's.

As Mr. Charlemont was about departing, I grasped him by the coat, and on my knees again implored his mercy.

“ Forgive my father,” I cried, “ Oh !  
“ forgive my father.”

Mrs. Worthy came in, and, during her emotions of distress, seized me by

by the hand, and in a half-whisper, exclaimed,

“ *Why vill you keep him?—Ye vill be ruined!*”

“ But I will.—Yes, yes, Mrs. Worthy, till he promises to forgive my father.”

The old gentleman, even in his anger, was moved :—for the tears of sympathy, glistening in his eye, had half extinguished the fire of his passion.

Mrs. Worthy, seemingly fearful of some one’s approach, left the room as abruptly as she came in — while the old gentleman endeavouring to suppress his rage, took me by the hand.

“Rise, Miss Harcourt,” he said,  
“I pray you rise. Our distress is,  
“indeed, similar.—You are concerned  
“for a father, I for a son.—I cannot  
“blame you for your natural piety;  
“but, consider—consider my agita-  
“tion,—my hopes—my wishes are  
“frustrated; the marriage which I  
“flattered myself would have long ere  
“this been completed is now de-  
“layed, perhaps for ever.—If my son  
“die—Oh, that thought!”

“Die!—Heaven forbid!—your son  
“is not so ill.”

“Mr. Charlemont was much agi-  
“tated. I endeavoured all in my  
“power to assure him that his son was  
“not so dangerously ill—when sud-  
“denly Mr. Stafford, who, I believe,  
“was listening to our conversation, ap-  
“peared,

“ peared, and contradicting what I  
“ had said, assured Mr. Charlemont  
“ that he *was* ill.”

“ Oh, no—no—not so very ill as re-  
“ ported.”

“ Yes, Mifs Harcourt, you know  
“ he is, but your feelings will not per-  
“ mit you to own it.”

“ I know it!—oh yes—I do know  
“ that he is ill—but then—my father—”  
I scarcely knew what I said.

“ You *do* know it, Mifs Harcourt!  
“ By heavens your father shall suffer.”

“ Stay, stay, Mr. Charlemont—no—  
“ he is not, 'tis all a pretence, a sham.”

“ A sham!—do you say a sham, Mifs  
“ Harcourt?” exclaimed Mr. Stafford,  
in a voice of meaning.

“ No---no---not a sham, he *is* ill in-  
“ deed---but---”

So alarming was the countenance of Mr. Charlemont upon this contradictory assertion, that I again revoked what I had said—and again for Mr. Stafford's sake.

Mrs. Worthy now entered, and appearing very much confused on account of Mr. Charlemont's stay, begged that I would follow her into the garden. I declined the request, hoping to reconcile the old gentleman and my father. Upon which my friend, Mrs. Worthy, seized my hand, and taking me aside, whispered me that Mr. William Harcourt was in the next parlour. I confess that I was very much disconcerted, as I now supposed that a discovery would inevitably ensue.—For fear of being seen by my uncle, I was about withdrawing, and

and fortunately, as I thought, Mr. Charlemont was taking his leave, while Mr. Stafford still in the character of my father's brother, was paying his addressees, and urging the necessity of his immediately visiting his son; but, unhappily, the servant entering the parlour abruptly, called out *Mr. Stafford*, as somebody wanted him.

Mrs. Worthy, with more than common fortitude, ran up to her servant, and ere she could proceed in the rest of her message, stopped her mouth, by commanding her to tell Mr. Stafford she was not at home. The real Stafford stood motionless, dreading (but I did not know then the cause) the fatal consequences of this discovery. While Mr. Charlemont, roused by a name which it seems he knew so well, immediately exclaimed—

“ Stafford,—ha !—What, — Jemmy  
“ Stafford ?—Where is he ?—Show him  
“ in.—Yes, yes,—I know him, but wish  
“ to know him *personally.*”

Mr. Stafford was now endeavouring to restrain Mr. Charlemont, by offering him his farther advice; but the old gentleman begged of him to let him go, for he wished to see this presumptuous dog (as he called him) who aspired to his daughter's love. Upon saying this, he broke loose from Mr. Stafford, and we, not knowing till now the real anxiety of our young lodger, and the urgent necessity he had for concealing his name, were silent with surprise. But hearing the voices of Mr. Charlemont and my father's brother, in the adjoining parlour, Mrs. Worthy was determined that they should not long converse together; therefore enjoining Mr. Stafford

ford and me to remain where we were, concealed, and upon no account to be seen by Mr. Charlemont again, or suffer Mr. Harcourt to disturb us, she went into the next parlour, and as we could overhear all that passed, soon quelled the threatening storm.

“ *Why, what* is the meaning of all “ this *violence* and noise?—I tell you, “ Sir,” addressing Mr. Harcourt, “ that “ there are no lodgings here now.”

“ Ha, ha, ha !” exclaimed Mr. Charlemont, “ he tells me his name is “ William Harcourt.—But I know the “ reason of his assuming the false title,” so turning about to my uncle, continued, “ You are Stafford, Sir; that pre-“ sumptuous, daring mortal, who has, “ by artifice and deceit, won the fond, “ alienated heart of my infatuated “ daughter; but spite of her credu-“ lity

“ lity, and your dissimulation, I shall  
“ disappoint your hopes, and con-  
“ vince my child of her error.”

“ I, Stafford !” rejoined Mr. Har-  
court, “ Sir, I don’t know such a per-  
“ son.—I am—”

“ Lord, don’t be so *violent*—don’t be  
“ so *violent*,” cried Mrs. Worthy, stop-  
ping the mouth of my uncle.

“ Come, Sir, I am not that dupe  
“ that you imagine. I am Mr. Char-  
“ lemont.”

“ I know, Sir ; the father of that  
“ foolish boy with whom my brother  
“ fought—whom, as soon as ever I  
“ received the account, I visited, for  
“ my family’s sake, and am now re-  
“ turned to contradict that false re-  
“ port,

“ port, which says that he is danger-  
“ ously ill.”

“ What, and is my son well?”

“ Perfectly,—as well as I am.”

“ Where is *Mr. Harcourt?*” ex-  
claimed the old gentleman, meaning  
Stafford.

Perceiving the danger that I was  
in, I concealed myself in a distant  
closet.—Mr. Charlemont now ran  
into the next parlour, where Mr.  
Stafford was alone.

“ Pray, Sir,” he cried, “ step into  
“ this room; pray do; there is a man  
“ there, Mr. Harcourt, who assumes  
“ your name, and pretends my son is well  
“ —but we shall confute the scoundrel,  
“ and

“ and pay him well for his insolence.

“ Come—come.”

The old gentleman was now endeavouring to bring Mr. Stafford into the next room by force, while the other did all in his power to dissuade him from his purpose, by declaring that it was much beneath him to contend with such a mean, unworthy fellow : but Mr. Charlemont was peremptory, and absolutely forced the other into the street parlour. However, Mrs. Worthy had fortunately prevailed upon Mr. Harcourt to depart, by secretly assuring him that Mr. Charlemont was disordered in his head ; and having come on purpose to see him, she was necessitated to make apologies, and, for the prevention of danger, declare that he was not in town. It seems my uncle was very well pleased with Mrs. Worthy’s pretended goodness ; and knowing that she had let

let her lodgings, during his abrupt departure, he calmly departed to find some elsewhere. Mr. Charlemont now anxiously enquired for Mr. Stafford, and meeting the ignorant servant in the hall, began to query her. Patty, seeing Mr. Stafford, insisted that he was in the parlour; but the old gentleman, becoming more enraged, insisted that he was gone. However, Mrs. Worthy sending the servant away, prayed Mr. Charlemont to be quiet. The old gentleman, thinking that the frightened *Stafford* had taken the opportunity of evading his resentment, endeavoured to smooth awhile his ruffled temper; but turning round to Mr. Stafford, remarked the age of the *supposed* lover.

“ Well—I could not have imagined it  
“ —I am vexed—most cursedly vexed,  
“ to discover that my daughter should  
“ have such an abominable taste.—Why  
“ he

“ he is rather an old man ; almost as  
“ old as I am.—By heaven I am more  
“ vexed than ever. Had the insignificant  
“ jade placed her affections upon a  
“ young man, one about your age,  
“ now, (looking stedfastly at Mr. Staf-  
“ ford) I should not be amazed—but—”

*Four o'Clock.*

“ Four o'clock !—Heavens ! I have  
“ stayed too long—I must see Mr.  
“ Courtney, and to-morrow we shall  
“ commence our journey.—Pray, *Mr.*  
“ *Harcourt*, keep your niece at home.  
“ I am cursedly afraid of Stafford dur-  
“ ing my absence. Truly I have a great  
“ mind to make Mr. Courtney stay at  
“ home.”

“ Indeed,” returned the sagacious  
Stafford, “ except there is a solid friend  
“ on

“on whom you can depend, that will  
“willingly undertake the employ of  
“watching Miss Courtney, I must con-  
“fess there is some danger. There is  
“only one reason in the world which  
“would induce me to it—the hopes of  
“making some atonement for the  
“wrongs which my brother has done  
“you.”

“Well, and do you think that you  
“could prevent that fellow who was  
“here from seeing her?”

“I am confident I would. But I  
“should not wish to be introduced to  
“Miss Courtney as a spy—the character  
“is so degrading, that, finding what I  
“was, she might evade all my vigilance.  
“No, the safest way is first to intro-  
“duce me to her female guardian, the  
“maiden lady; as then I may be con-  
“stantly

“stantly at the house, under pretence  
“of being her visitor.”

“Sir,” returned Mr. Charlemont,  
“provided my son recover, and you be  
“faithful to your word, I shall forgive  
“your brother. But I must see Mr.  
“Courtney now; to him I shall disclose  
“the proposal. Meet us about seven  
“this evening at the London Tavern;  
“for Mr. Courtney has solemnly vowed  
“never to visit this house again.”

Upon saying this, and without waiting  
the other's answer, the old gentle-  
man departed.

I, who, upon the late exit of my un-  
expected uncle, had ventured forth from  
my concealment, and near the door had  
attended to the past interesting conver-  
sation, was now exceedingly elated, and  
joining

joining the equally happy Stafford and Mrs. Worthy, began to congratulate the former upon his love, and the pleasing prospect of success—while he returned the same, with assurances that I should be as happy.

We sat down to dinner ; and though this morning I eat but little breakfast, for grief, I could eat nothing now, for joy.

Mr. Stafford immediately wrote to his friend a faithful account of what had passed, enjoining him to detain his father and Mr. Courtney as long as possible.

*Nine o'Clock.*

Mr. Stafford having gone to meet old Mr. Charlemont, according to appointment,

ment, Mrs. Worthy and I were left alone, to ruminate upon what had happened. The old lady wondered exceedingly where her son had been all day. While she was expecting him every moment, and I anxious for Mr. Stafford's return, the tedious night crept on with heavy wings.

Solitude being always the nurse of affliction, my poor, poor turbulent heart was filled with a thousand apprehensions.—I now began to consider my situation; the money, for which I was indebted to the benevolence of my late friend (but I could not call him by that tender name now) was almost exhausted; this was the time I seriously thought within myself that I should endeavour to do something. Mrs. Worthy, perceiving my sudden distress, and strongly recommending candour, I partly

partly disclosed my fears, and added, that unless I should now exercise my industry, I might repent my idleness.

The good woman assured me that I should never want. She perceived clearly, she said, that young Mr. Charlemont loved me, and one day or other she hoped to see me his wife.

“Vain delusive hope,” I cried. “I have not vanity enough to think it.”

Mrs. Worthy chid me for desponding—“No, child, it is not *wain*, nor is it *wanity* to think it.”

We did not sit up long, as neither  
of

of us slept well the preceding night  
—So each of us bade the other good  
evening.

T U E S -

T U E S D A Y.

*Ten o'clock.*

MR. Worthy not coming in till it was very early this morning, remained in bed while Mrs. Worthy and I breakfasted by ourselves. Mr. Stafford, about a few minutes after, came down stairs, to inform us of all that had happened, relative to his late appointment.

He said, that he was waiting some time in the coffee-house before the old gentleman appeared; that when Mr. Charlemont came, he apologized

for his stay, and declared that Mr. Courtney had detained him,—for it seems they were consulting a long time about their intended journey.— He said, that he had left Mr. Courtney over a bottle with some friends, and desired the pleasure of Mr. Stafford's company to join them.

“ I objected to this,” continued Stafford, “ observing that as I was, as yet, a stranger to Mr. Courtney, and sure he could not esteem me, on account of the late misfortune, it was better to decline any meeting; but Mr. Charlemont insisted the more.

“ Fearful that I might be known by some of the company who were there, though I have but few acquaintances in town, I was very unwilling to appear, and assured the old

“old gentleman, that as I was not  
“dressed, I could not think of going;  
“notwithstanding, any service that I  
“could render him in respect to  
“Miss Courtney, I positively would.

“Indeed,” returned Mr. Charlemont,  
“though my friend Courtney is very  
“much enraged against your brother  
“and Miss Harcourt, on account of  
“her dissimulation, yet as you have  
“promised to prevent any farther mis-  
“chief, there is no doubt but we shall  
“be constant friends; a brother is not to  
“blame for the faults of another; no,  
“nor of his niece; so—give me your  
“hand.—You shall be at the wedding  
“of Miss Courtney and my son.—I  
“tell you, Mr. Courtney is the best  
“friend in the world to a friend, but  
“the worst enemy to a foe.”

“ Saying this, old Mr. Charlemont  
“ absolutely forced me into a car-  
“ riage, and away we drove.

“ My private thoughts during our  
“ tête-a-tête, you may well suppose,  
“ were many.—I was apprehensive  
“ that by some means or other, a dis-  
“ covery of my real name would en-  
“ sue.—But what will not faithful  
“ love perform?—The hopes of yet  
“ possessing my dear Julia partly dis-  
“ pelled my fears; and the nearer  
“ I approached Mr. Courtney’s, the  
“ more courageous I became.

“ Very fortunately for me, when I  
“ was introduced to my dear Julia’s  
“ father, his company (except one)  
“ were gone; the remaining gentle-  
“ man was a Mr. Simple, who, I per-  
“ ceived, by several items which Mr.  
“ Courtney now and then threw  
“ out,

“ out, was a mere intruder. — I  
“ looked about me with very eager  
“ eyes, expecting every moment to  
“ behold my dear charmer, but, in  
“ the course of conversation, discover-  
“ ed that it was not in Mr. Court-  
“ ney’s house she lived.

“ Mr. Simple, I perceived, had well  
“ examined my features ; however, af-  
“ ter the bottle was finished, he im-  
“ mediately took his leave.

“ The fathers now made their se-  
“ veral enquiries about my family,  
“ particularly my age. I evaded every  
“ suspicion, by declaring myself the  
“ youngest child, and that *your* father,”  
(addressing me) “ who was my sup-  
“ posed brother, was the eldest.

“ Mr. Courtney then hinted about  
“ my niece’s sudden departure from

“ her family.—He before<sup>c</sup> supposed you  
“ (he said) to be an orphan, and there-  
“ fore pitied you.—However, when I  
“ explained that you were the least  
“ beloved of all your brothers and  
“ sisters, and on account of some se-  
“ vere reproaches from your father,  
“ were determined to provide for your-  
“ self—his commiseration, I thought,  
“ still continued.

“ I took the liberty of adding, that,  
“ indeed, I would not encourage my  
“ niece in any romantic folly; but,  
“ knowing well the morose temper of  
“ my brother, and the consequent dis-  
“ tress of his cast-away child, I was  
“ determined, without the knowledge  
“ of Mr. Harcourt, to protect you.”

I thanked Mr. Stafford for the  
kind and affectionate manner he had  
taken to reconcile me to my late  
bene-

benefactor. But Mrs. Worthy being anxious to hear the remainder of Mr. Stafford's story, the young gentleman proceeded.

" Mr. Courtney informed me, that  
" as I had deemed it necessary that  
" old Mr. Charlemont and he should  
" visit the unfortunate youth, his in-  
" tended son-in-law, in \_\_\_\_\_,  
" they should accordingly commence  
" their journey to-morrow morning;  
" that they would rely upon me to  
" prevent all improper communica-  
" tions between my niece and Miss  
" Courtney; who, during his absence,  
" was to remain at an old maiden  
" lady's in the next street, that had  
" promised on her side the most vigi-  
" lant attention.

" I enquired her name; the unsus-  
" pecting father replied, that it was

“ a Mrs. Middleton, and told me I  
“ should be introduced to her ere my  
“ departure.

“ Our conversation then turned  
“ upon Mr. Simple, whom Mr.  
“ Courtney had accidentally met with  
“ a day before, at one of the gentle-  
“ men’s houses who dined with him  
“ to-day. Mr. Simple had ac-  
“ companied the gentleman uninvit-  
“ ed.

“ It seems,” continued the sagacious  
Mr. Courtney, “ that such is Mr. Sim-  
“ ple’s *own* opinion of his literary abi-  
“ lities, that he looks upon *them* as a  
“ competent recommendation to any  
“ society.

“ The producing, he thinks, some  
“ *clean, neat* writing is sufficient apo-  
“ logy for a *mean, dirty* action; for,  
“ by

“ by what I have discovered of this  
“ gentleman, he is no less, nor no  
“ more, than a common paragraphist,  
“ who vends a daily collection of lies  
“ for a bare subsistence ; and thinks  
“ the *honorable* employ of scandalizing  
“ a neighbour, an introduction suffi-  
“ cient to his table.

“ You may wonder, I suppose, why  
“ he dined with me.—I wonder too !  
“ —But what will barefaced impu-  
“ dence not do ?

“ Seeing that he can command a  
“ few *free tickets* for the play, from some  
“ timorous performer, who wishes  
“ to make an advantageous appearance  
“ in the morning prints — he thinks,  
“ because he ceremoniously invites *you*  
“ to the play, that he may without ce-  
“ remony invite *himself* to dinner.  
“ Nor is this all—he will take farther

“ liberties,—beg to know your taylor,  
“ and upon your credit, dress himself  
“ out.—This is the true character of  
“ that great Mr. Simple, whom you  
“ saw. He will eat, drink, and sleep with  
“ you—borrow your money, and, per-  
“ haps, in a few days, make you the sole  
“ subject of one of his magazine anec-  
“ dotes. Such are the worthless prac-  
“ tices of those petit writers, who,  
“ for hire, gain, and reward, will ex-  
“ tend the utmost of their threadbare  
“ genius, and make the pen, which is  
“ the gift of nature, and was former-  
“ ly esteemed the staff of merit—now,  
“ the instrument of vice and obscen-  
“ ity.

“ When Mr. Courtney had fully ex-  
“ patiated on the low practices of Mr.  
“ Simple—wondering why Mrs. Middle-  
“ ton had not come, according to her  
“ promise, he proposed that I should  
“ take

“ take her address, and by informing  
“ her who I was, insured me a favor-  
“ able reception.

“ I departed, after exchanging many  
“ promises with Mr. Courtney, the  
“ chief of which were to be very par-  
“ ticular in respect to his daughter;  
“ and that in return, he would be as  
“ favorable to Mr. Harcourt, my sup-  
“ posed brother, as far as the state  
“ of young Mr. Charlemont’s health  
“ would permit.

“ Having now succeeded as happy-  
“ ly as I could possibly expect, and  
“ elate with the hopes of once more  
“ beholding my dear Julia, I hasten-  
“ ed with eager paces towards Mrs.  
“ Middleton’s lodgings, and after  
“ knocking at the door, remained  
“ in anxious expectation, — but,  
“ to my no small disappointment,

“ was informed by the servant, that  
“ she and Miss Julia were abroad.—  
“ I repeated my visit in about two hours  
“ after, and received the same answer.  
“ Supposing that they were now at  
“ Mr. Courtney’s, I thought proper  
“ to call there, and acquaint him with  
“ my disappointment ; — but neither  
“ Mr. Courtney or old Mr. Charlemont  
“ could be seen.

“ As further visits were evidently  
“ unnecessary, I endeavoured to keep up  
“ my spirits, and postpone my intentions  
“ till to-day ; when, as I suppose, Mr.  
“ Courtney and old Mr. Charlemont  
“ are gone, I may with greater safety  
“ and more assurance personate your un-  
“ cle, and wait immediately upon the  
“ old lady.”

Without any further ceremony Mr.  
Stafford took up his hat ; and well  
knowing

knowing the urgency of his departure, I only begged him to be as expeditious as possible.

Mrs. Worthy also joined me in this injunction. — Upon which the young gentleman, after promising obedience, took a short leave.

### *Five o'Clock.*

Mrs. Worthy now was very busily employing herself after dinner with some work; when, interrupted by the entrance of her son, she turned about with a sarcastic air, and began to rally him for so long indulging himself in bed.— But upon the young gentleman's declining the joke; and assuring us that he had a very melancholy tale to relate, the old lady, seating herself near the table,

table, the scissars in one hand, and the other with some cloth supporting her head, while her spectacles remained still unremoved, and the ears of curiosity both pricked up,—earnestly enquired of him, “*What it was?*”

“ Having, according to the mandates  
“ of Mr. Courtney, waited upon Mrs.  
“ Motley, I was informed that our  
“ friend had been there about a short  
“ while before, to apologize for not be-  
“ ing able to execute the plan which was  
“ devised for the protection of my dear  
“ Miss Commerce, as he had an una-  
“ voidable engagement upon his hands  
“ with some friends, and was obliged the  
“ next day, he said, to leave town; but  
“ strongly recommended Mrs. Motley to  
“ take me in his place, who, as he was  
“ fully convinced of my disinterested  
“ partiality for Emma, would, he made  
“ no

“ no doubt, be equally if not more pre-  
“ possessed in her favor.

“ I commended Mr. Courtney much  
“ for his philanthropy, and the old  
“ lady, indeed, joined me in his praise ;  
“ but she said that all the persuasions  
“ which she had made use of to forgive  
“ the fatal mistake of the letter, had no  
“ weight.—He was very much enraged  
“ at her for mentioning the matter, and  
“ wished never to hear of it again.”

Upon Mr. Worthy's relation of my late benefactor's stable resentment, I heaved a deep sigh, and was about making some piteous remarks, when the young gentleman's mother, rather offended with my unseasonable distress, prayed Mr. Worthy to continue the melancholy tale.

“ Being

“ Being now remarkably gracious  
“ with Mrs. Motley, she began to un-  
“ bosom her thoughts as candidly to me  
“ as she did lately to Mr. Courtney.

“ As the time was near approaching,  
“ the old lady thought it the best  
“ way to repair immediately to Mrs.  
“ Commerce; and enquired of me, if  
“ the volatile wretch, Mr. Random, was  
“ acquainted with me.

“ I related now the only circumstance  
“ which ever brought us together; but  
“ I remarked, that as Mr. Random’s situa-  
“ ~~tion~~ was rather disagreeable, and that  
“ I was unexpectedly met in the hall,—  
“ I did not imagine that he took much  
“ notice of the person to whom he was  
“ indebted for a kick.

“ While we were thus discoursing,  
“ some person, unknown, waited upon  
“ Mrs. Motley, requesting her to come  
“ to

“ to Mrs. Commerce as soon as possible;  
“ for that her daughter and Mr. Random  
“ were waiting for her company to take  
“ the air, as was ordered.

“ I well examined the stranger, strongly  
“ suspecting, at first, that he was the  
“ dark assistant in this mysterious busi-  
“ ness.

“ Mrs. Motley interrogated him often  
“ in respect to Mr. Random.

“ He confessed himself an acquaint-  
“ ance of this gentleman’s, but denied  
“ that he was to be with him this day;  
“ as business of another nature, he said,  
“ demanded his presence elsewhere, and  
“ he was to dine with a gentleman he  
“ never saw before.

“ Soon as he had departed, Mrs.  
“ Motley and your humble servant pr e-  
“ pared

“pared for this extraordinary scene.—  
“According to her commands, I pro-  
“mised to follow the carriage which  
“my dear Emma, she, and the deceitful  
“Random were to go in.—Whatever  
“place they were to alight at, I was  
“then, as if by accident, to pass by, and  
“meet Mrs. Motley, a supposed old ac-  
“quaintance, who should, under pre-  
“tence of politeness, request the plea-  
“sure of my company to join her and  
“Miss Commerce; upon which I was  
“to acquiesce, and enter whatever habita-  
“tion Mr. Random might think proper  
“to bring the ladies to, and be witness  
“of all the treachery that was there  
“premeditated.

“This scheme, which seemed likely  
“to proceed, pleased Mrs. Motley  
“much. Accordingly we left her resi-  
“dence, and hastened towards Mrs.  
“Commerce’s; near which I remained  
“with

“ with patient anxiety, till at last I perceived my treacherous rival conducting the all-lovely Emma into the carriage.

“ I was particular in avoiding his sight.—Mrs. Motley last of all went in; and as she promised to observe, commanded the coachman not to drive too fast.—But Mr. Random being displeased with this charge, endeavoured to countermand her.—“ My prudent Emma, however, declaring that she should be exceedingly ill if he did—Mr. Random was obliged to comply with the ladies request.

“ For about two miles I kept up with the coach tolerably well; but my anxiety and fears overcoming my strength, I absolutely failed in the “ pur-

“ pursuit; the journey being much farther than I expected.

“ I stepped into an inn which was  
“ happily in the way, where immediately  
“ hiring a horse, I mounted with  
“ trembling haste, and rode with anxious  
“ rapidity.

“ It was a full half hour before I  
“ could perceive the carriage; at last  
“ I saw it at a distance, waiting at some  
“ house. My fears returned; and though  
“ my volatile beast in all appearance  
“ flew, I thought every moment an  
“ hour ere I could approach it.

“ It was at a confectioner’s shop, where  
“ Mr. Random’s company were happily waiting. It seems my dear  
“ Emma and Mrs. Motley, rather apprehensive of my not being able  
“ to keep up with them, pretended a  
“ relish

“ relish for some cakes and wine, which  
“ obliged Mr. Random to stop here,  
“ and provide what was necessary. The  
“ delay that was here purposely occa-  
“ sioned, though contrary to the wishes  
“ of Mr. Random, was very fortunate  
“ for me.

“ Mrs. Motley, who was anxiously  
“ looking round for me, at last perceiv-  
“ ed me at a distance; when, as a  
“ signal to shew me what they were  
“ about, she raised the glass of wine,  
“ under pretence of drinking it. A  
“ few minutes having soon expired, the  
“ coachman, by permission of the la-  
“ dies, was ordered by Mr. Random,  
“ in a loud voice, to renew his haste,  
“ and stop at a small white cottage  
“ which stood by itself at the top of  
“ the next hill.

“ Over-

“ Overhearing Mr. Random’s commands, I was determined to have the lead, and in a very short time approached the place that was described; where dismounting, and leaving my horse with a little boy, at a distance from the cottage, who promised to take care of it, I waited with exulting patience the approach of the carriage.

“ Willing, however, to know as much as I possibly could about the master of this cottage, I enquired of the boy every particular.

“ He told me, that it was the private country seat of a young gentleman, who at present was somewhere else, and therefore there was only one man in it; to whose care the place was entrusted.

“ What

“ What man? I exclaimed, with  
“ anxious curiosity.

“ Indeed, Sir,” replied the innocent  
“ youth, he is a stranger to us all,  
“ though for many years in the village.  
“ The young gentleman who is the  
“ real master of this place is exceedingly  
“ rich; but being subservient to the  
“ whims of a morose father, has chosen  
“ this little place as a temporary retreat  
“ whenever he is in town. The person  
“ who inhabits it now undertook the  
“ sole management of it during his  
“ master’s minority; and I make no  
“ doubt, added the boy, but he was  
“ well paid for it.

“ I enquired the name of the gentle-  
“ man who owned it; but the boy re-  
“ plied that it was still preserved a se-  
“ cret, and would be, he supposed, till  
“ the death of his father. I then asked  
“ the

“ the name of the person who inhaled it. He told me that it was a “ Mr. Moreland, a man of a saturnine “ complexion, and rather blunt in his “ manners.

“ Having gained as much information from the boy as I possibly could, “ I began to be impatient for the arrival of the carriage.

“ While I was, therefore, sauntering about the cottage, Mr. Moreland, whom the boy was describing, appeared at the door ; and, wondering at the cause of my dallying there, very rudely enquired what I wanted.

“ I took no notice at first ; but, on a repetition of the impertinent query, and fearful that my hopes of revenge should be baffled, I told him,

“him, that I was waiting for a  
“friend.”

“Why, says the man, I should  
“not have asked you, but that I  
“thought you might spare a few mi-  
“nutes, or so, to watch the place  
“here, till I run across the road for a  
“pail of water.

“I was very glad of this, and pro-  
“mised him, indeed, the greatest vi-  
“gilance.

“The well, added he, is some  
“yards from this; but if your friend  
“should come, during my absence,  
“you may invite him into the par-  
“lour.

“I seemed very well pleased with  
“this proposal and the man continued,

“ I expect a gentleman and lady  
“ here.—Should they come while I am  
“ away, I shall be obliged to you if  
“ you will bid them stay in the par-  
“ lour till my return.”

“ I promised to observe his direc-  
“ tions, upon which the man, after  
“ looking for the pail, departed.

“ I now seized the opportunity of  
“ examining the place during Mr.  
“ Moreland’s absence ; and perceiving  
“ a case of pistols and an old  
“ sword, for fear of any hereafter vio-  
“ lence, I took the liberty of remov-  
“ ing them.

“ In a few minutes after I had  
“ taken possession of the house, the  
“ coach appeared.

“ Mrs.

“ Mrs. Motley’s fluttering heart was  
“ somewhat at ease when she perceiv-  
“ ed me at the door ; but, as I was  
“ in the cottage, she did not pretend  
“ to know me.

“ The astonished Random enquired  
“ very particularly for Mr. Moreland.

“ I thought it the best way to tell  
“ the truth, and accordingly inform-  
“ ed the young adventurer, that Mr.  
“ Moreland was gone for some water,  
“ and commissioned me to take care of  
“ the cottage during his absence ;  
“ at the same time he enjoined me  
“ to shew whatever company should  
“ come into the parlour.

“ My dear Emma was secretly re-  
“ joiced at sight of me, and the trans-  
“ ported Mr. Random, elate with his  
“ own flattering hopes of seducing the

“ divine Miss Commerce, looked at  
“ me with a contemptible air; and,  
“ fortunately, not recollecting my fea-  
“ tures, strutted about with a peculiar  
“ consequence.

“ Well, Sir, he cried, there is no  
“ further occasion for you.

“ Sir, (I returned) Mr. Moreland  
“ bade me wait till his return.

“ Did he so?—oh! well,—that al-  
“ ters the case.—You may—you may  
“ stay.

“ I returned his supercilious va-  
“ nity with a frown of equal con-  
“ tempt.

“ My dear Emma now observed the  
“ lateness of the time, and thought it  
“ proper

“ proper to return home.—She observed,  
“ that as this was the first time  
“ she was abroad since her illness, she  
“ should not stay too long. Her mother,  
“ she added, enjoined a speedy  
“ return.

“ Mr. Random little heeded the  
“ young lady's observations—but declared  
“ it was an hour earlier than  
“ what it was.

“ I took the liberty of contradicting  
“ him, mentioning the exact hour,  
“ and adding, that his watch must be  
“ consequently too slow.

“ Sir, returned the worthless creature, indignantly ; your watch is, like your tongue, *too fast*.—I was right this morning by the Horse Guards, *pon hono<sup>r</sup>*.

“ My dear Emma enquired if I were  
“ going to town. I answered in the  
“ affirmative. Upon which the young  
“ lady and Mrs. Motley purposely  
“ requested the pleasure of my com-  
“ pany in the carriage. We want a  
“ fourth person, rejoined the old  
“ lady.

“ Mr. Random was quite terrified,  
“ and, I believe, dreaded my compli-  
“ ance, which I no sooner perceived,  
“ than I assured the ladies that I rode ;  
“ but notwithstanding that, for the  
“ pleasure of their company, I should  
“ wait till they were about going, and  
“ ride along with them.

“ The mortified young gentleman  
“ frowned at Mrs. Motley, and taking  
“ her aside, said, he did not like me.—  
“ He then continued his consequen-  
“ tial walks about the room, and ob-  
“ served,

“ served that *his* cottage was in a very  
“ airy situation.

“ Yours, echoed Miss Commerce.

“ Yes, my dear, mine.—We may do  
“ what we please here.—I shall show you  
“ the apartments above stairs,—and the  
“ garden, my dear—and—Will you  
“ come with me?

“ My charming Emma very pru-  
“ dently declined his artful invitation,  
“ —while I, rather shrewdly, observ-  
“ ed,—that the master of this cottage,  
“ I understood to be a young heir.

“ Well, continued Mr. Random,  
“ so he is—and I am he.

“ I smiled, and was silent—Not be-  
“ ing a very pleasant companion, the  
“ gentleman wished me far away.—

“ He was much disconcerted, and  
“ seemed very desirous for Mr. More-  
“ land’s return. His patience being  
“ exhausted, and the time too pre-  
“ cious, he was resolved to look for  
“ Mr. Moreland, and, I suppose, con-  
“ sult with him in private.

“ Mr. Random for a moment took  
“ his leave, according to our wish.  
“ We now indulged our most secret  
“ thoughts ;—with rapturous delight I  
“ seized my dear Emma’s hand, and  
“ pressing it to my eager lips, kissed  
“ it with repeated rhapsody ; in as  
“ few words as possible, I now told poor  
“ Sophia’s story, till Mr. Random, her  
“ seducer, having met Mr. Moreland,  
“ they both returned together, — the  
“ latter, no doubt, being well instruct-  
“ ed in respect to the *supposed master*  
“ of the cottage.

“ Mrs.

"Mrs. Motley, about this time,  
"was taking a full view of the gar-  
"den—but when she turned round,  
"and Mr. Moreland had seen her—  
"heavens! what sensations succee-  
"ed!—The neglected wife, and the  
"prodigal husband together! Mrs.  
"Motley screamed, and her husband,  
"who had only borrowed the name  
"of Moreland, stood confounded.

"Why," said he, addressing Mr.  
Random, "did not you foretel me these  
"person's names? She is my wife, from  
"whom I have torn myself these six-  
"teen years—"

"He would have continued, but  
"Mrs. Motley interrupting him,—beg-  
"ged him to think no more of the  
"past, but return to her faithful  
"arms.

“ He begged her patience,—for he  
“ had longer time, he said, to be in  
“ private. But that he had a tale to  
“ tell, which would amply apologize  
“ for his long absence.

“ My dear Emma, who all this  
“ while endeavoured to conceal her  
“ bursting grief, could no longer sup-  
“ press the laudable overflowings of  
“ nature, upon the discovery of a  
“ known—but unknowing parent. Fal-  
“ ling then at his feet, she gave free  
“ vent to her sorrow, and loudly ex-  
“ claiming, Oh! my father—my fa-  
“ ther! relieved her filial distress with  
“ a copious shower of tears.

“ The surprized father, roused at the  
“ sight of an unexpected daughter,  
“ seized

“ seized the trembling Random by  
“ his throat.

“ Villain,” cried he, “ have you  
“ fixed upon me alone as the instru-  
“ ment of your treachery, and hoped  
“ for my assistance towards the seduc-  
“ tion of my own—own child?”

“ Mr. Random endeavoured to rec-  
“ tify this supposed mistake, and insisted  
“ that Emma was the daughter of Mrs.  
“ Commerce.

“ But my dear girl, apprehen-  
“ sive of incurring a father’s dis-  
“ pleasure, declared the more solemn-  
“ ly that she was his;—and for the  
“ sake of his benediction, confessed  
“ herself an imposition upon Mrs.  
“ Commerce.

“ Mrs. Motley could no longer bear  
“ the infamy of Mr. Random.—He  
“ confessed it to be his intention to  
“ force the young lady to a compli-  
“ ance to his wanton desires, and pro-  
“ mising to release Mr. Motley from  
“ a debt which had long buried him  
“ in oblivion, had prevailed upon him  
“ to lend the cottage, and assist his  
“ scheme.

“ I could no longer brook this me-  
“ ditated wickedness, and fiercely ap-  
“ proaching the detestable Random,  
“ menaced him in the most bitter  
“ terms. Upon his attempting to  
“ withdraw, I opposed his passage,  
“ and declared myself much inclined  
“ to serve him as I did in my mo-  
“ ther’s hall.

“ Upon the recollection of this,  
“ and the knowledge of his double  
“ enemy,

“ enemy, he trembled exceedingly;—  
“ but, collecting his spirits, with more  
“ fortitude than usual, thus addressed  
“ us:

“ Mr. Worthy—Mr. Motley—you  
“ have me here in an embarrassed  
“ situation, but hear me—I confess  
“ all that I intended—I did mean to  
“ force the inclinations of Miss Com-  
“ merce, and then marry her; but un-  
“ derstanding now that she is the  
“ daughter of Mrs. Motley, I shall for-  
“ get the unrelenting beauty.—She is  
“ your’s, Sir, (addressing only me) or  
“ any body’s that she pleases—but beware  
“ of my power—if you publish one  
“ transaction of what has passed to the  
“ detriment of my character, by heaven  
“ I shall discover to Mrs. Commerce  
“ the imposition which has been played  
“ upon her.

This

“ This unexpected threat had so agitated Mrs. Motley, that she begged us all, for heaven’s sake, to be pacified—my dear Emma implored it too—for her sake particularly I was calm. Mr. Random, upon this, willing to ingratiate himself in our esteem, assured us that he would assist our secret love. Though I had not credulity enough to believe him, yet I thought it his interest to be sincere, and deemed it my best way not to betray any knowledge of the poor deluded Sophia till she arrived.

“ The time being now far spent, Mr. Motley assured his wife that he must for a few months longer stay in this cottage; but enjoining her to observe the most profound secrecy, promised to send her the next day a letter which should fully explain the cause of his long absence. Mrs. Motley had

“ had now some private conversation  
“ with her husband, respecting my dear  
“ Emma, I supposed, which seemed  
“ to disconcert Mr. Motley much.

“ We now prepared for her return  
“ to Mrs. Commerce, and though in  
“ our hearts we despised Mr. Random,  
“ yet, self-interest prevailing, we ap-  
“ peared all very amicable; my dear  
“ Emma, her mother, and Mr. Random  
“ went in the coach, while I rode beside  
“ them.”

Mr. Worthy, having concluded his narrative, declared that according to promise he must wait upon Mrs. Motley early in the morning, and learn the result of this affair. We wished him much success; but his mother, after many remarks, *wow'd* and *purloined* she was *wery* sorry he ever knew the girl. We were now extremely anxious for

Mr.

Mr. Stafford's return; and, during his absence, entertained the time with imparting to Mr. Worthy all that that young gentleman had told us.

*Eight o'Clock.*

A letter from my brother now came by a private hand; it was directed to Mr. Worthy, and written in the following manner:

“ SIR,

“ I thank you for your polite and  
“ kind assistance to restore to peace and  
“ honor a poor deluded girl, and have  
“ the pleasure to inform you that  
“ Sophia Weldon (as that is her name)  
“ will be in London in the course of a  
“ few days; it is therefore better to  
“ keep

“ keep concealed the intention of her  
“ coming till she absolutely arrives, as  
“ then the unexpected presence of an  
“ injured woman must certainly de-  
“ prive her base seducer of all power of  
“ evasion, and be the means of making  
“ him more readily atone for his late  
“ unworthiness.

“ I think myself exceedingly happy  
“ in having thus, by chance, found a  
“ gentleman on whom I may depend  
“ for the performance of his word.  
“ I intended, on Sophia's account, to  
“ have gone to London myself; but  
“ shall now decline the journey, as I  
“ wish to attend the next examination,  
“ which is very nigh, notwithstanding  
“ any ardent wish for the completion of  
“ this pious scheme; besides, some  
“ unhappy events in my own family re-  
“ quire a speedy return to my father, who  
“ on account of his late misfortunes,  
“ wishes

“ wishes much for the presence of his  
“ son. Though for him I ought to  
“ neglect my studies, yet, as the time  
“ will be short, I stay to finish them ;  
“ but would not have him think upon  
“ any account that I would both neglect  
“ him and *them*, even for the sake of this  
“ fair sufferer.

“ Though *modern honor* may acquit  
“ Mr. Random for the vile part he has  
“ played, yet, by a jury of well-disposed  
“ persons, he must surely be found  
“ guilty ; nor can the punishment of  
“ his giving his hand to her whom he  
“ has so much injured be deemed too  
“ great, or even sufficient for the of-  
“ fence.

“ As you are concerned in this busi-  
“ ness, according to your own words,  
“ I make no doubt but you will take  
“ every possible care to prevent Mr.  
“ Random’s

“ Random’s screening himself from  
“ justice, by either absenting or marry-  
“ ing before the arrival of Sophia. Poor  
“ thing, she would have carried this  
“ letter herself, but reasons which you  
“ may hereafter know, prevented.

“ The bearer of this, being slightly  
“ acquainted with Mrs. Villars, and  
“ consequently, her nephew, must not  
“ know the contents, nor see Sophia  
“ till the business is done.

“ I very fortunately heard of his  
“ going to London, and took the fa-  
“ vorable opportunity of sending this,  
“ as I knew you would get it sooner  
“ than by post; dismiss him with  
“ thanks, and, I make no doubt, but,  
“ according to promise, you will re-  
“ ceive poor Sophia with a hearty wel-  
“ come.

“ Though

“ Though anxious to be wedded to  
“ Mr. Random, she thinks she shall  
“ not taste much matrimonial pleasure.  
“ But hopes by redeeming her honor,  
“ that she may be restored to the fa-  
“ vor of her inexorable father, which  
“ will consummate all the happiness  
“ she expects on earth.

“ Her mother died a few days ago  
“ of a broken heart.

“ I am,

“ Sir,

“ Your humble servant.

“ C. HAROURT.”

The

The bearer of this was a tall, elderly man.—Mrs. Worthy asked him several questions ; but I confess I was too much interested with my brother's letter (which Mr. Worthy handed to me for perusal) to listen to their insipid chat.

Soon as I had made my observations upon Charles's tender epistle, I then delivered it to Mrs. Worthy, (as she had her spectacles on) and while she was looking it over, I enquired of the stranger, if he had been for any length of time acquainted with Mr. Harcourt.

“ No, madam ; he heard of my coming to London, and begged me to deliver this letter.”

“ Is

“ Is your stay to be long ? ” enquired Mr. Worthy.

“ I hope so,” cried the old man ;  
“ for having no family now,—I de-  
“ clined business in Oxford, and am  
“ come to enter partnership with a per-  
“ son here of my own profession,—my  
“ stay will therefore depend upon our  
“ success.”

I was not so inquisitive as to enquire his business or name, but returning him thanks, in union with Mr. Worthy, for the trouble he had taken, wished him every success in his undertaking.

Nothing material occurred for the remainder of this evening.—We passed away the tedious hours with cursory observations

servations on our own distresses, and some serious thoughts upon every expedient to recover our former happiness.

W E D.

W E D N E S D A Y.

*Nine o'clock*

**M**R. Stafford having breakfasted with us this morning, began to relate the further events of his yesterday's adventures.

“ I called at Mrs. Middleton's several times, but in vain; the last time, however, I left the name of Mr. Harcourt, and added that I had called upon her according to the request of Mr. Charlemont, senior, and that about six o'clock in the evening I would repeat my visit.

“ But

“ But when, according to my own  
“ appointment, I had again called,  
“ the servant, with rather an insolent  
“ air, bade me wait in the hall, and  
“ that Mrs. Middleton would be down  
“ stairs in a few minutes.

“ I confess that I was somewhat  
“ chagrined at this cold indifference,  
“ and was resolved, if ever in my  
“ power, to resent it.—It was, I am  
“ sure, a full half hour, ere Mrs.  
“ Middleton vouchsafed to see me.

“ Her manner of receiving me was  
“ supercilious and vain.—Indeed, there  
“ was something in her countenance  
“ which spoke a sudden aversion to me.

“ So, Sir, you are Mr. Harcourt, you  
“ say.”

“ I am, Madam, enjoined by my  
“ friend Mr. Charlemont to see you,  
“ and by our frequent visits, prevent  
“ any evil from befalling the unhappy  
“ Miss Courtney.

“ Matchless impudence! she re-  
“ turned.

“ I was, no doubt, astonished at  
“ this unexpected reception, and sternly  
“ demanded her meaning.

“ You Mr. Harcourt!—Vile impos-  
“ tor!—that gentleman has just left  
“ me,—yes,—and will be here in a  
“ few minutes. Mr. Harcourt has  
“ heard of your intentions, and sup-  
“ poses you to be that vile fellow,  
“ Stafford;—who wishes to run away  
“ with Julia.—But, Sir, I shall be *too*  
“ *many* for you.—Yes, she is under  
“ my

“ my care, and the care of a lock and key,  
“ and the care of a trusty servant, and  
“ the care of a large mastiff, and—”

“ I was confounded; and interrupt-  
“ ing the old censorious lady, assured  
“ her that she was mistaken;—for,  
“ whoever had assumed the name of  
“ Harcourt, was *the* impostor, and  
“ not her humble servant;—that I  
“ would appeal to my old friend Mr.  
“ Charlemont, with whom I had the  
“ pleasure of dining the day before he  
“ went; and if nothing else would  
“ convince her for the present, that  
“ I would bring my niece, Miss  
“ Maria Harcourt, to avouch her un-  
“ cle.

“ Oh! consummate impudence! cried  
“ the old lady again, Mr. Harcourt,  
“ was with me the very evening be-  
“ fore Mr. Charlemont went away,

“ and that was the reason I did not  
“ wait on him, according to promise.  
“ As to Miss Harcourt, she is a young  
“ hussey, and her uncle never sees her;  
“ —nor won’t,—no, nor she shall never  
“ see Julia,—she shan’t;—nor you—  
“ Mr. Harcourt,—or Mr. Stafford,—or  
“ whatever you are pleased to call your-  
“ self.”

“ I was thunderstruck, and finding  
“ all my hopes disappointed, deemed  
“ it the most prudent way to retreat,  
“ ere I should be *indeed* discovered.

“ The old lady made use of no  
“ ceremony,—I was turned out with  
“ ignominy, and the door shut after me,  
“ in the most spiteful manner.

“ Something, however, put it into my  
“ head to watch the real Harcourt’s  
“ return; as the old lady intimated  
“ that

“ that he would be soon with her  
“ again. After a painful vigilance  
“ in the street, I perceived a gentle-  
“ man, with the notorious Simple,  
“ (whom Mr. Courtney had so well  
“ described) approaching Mrs. Mid-  
“ dleton’s. When they had consulted  
“ for a few minutes,—the former with  
“ a matchless degree of assurance,  
“ knocked at the old lady’s door, and  
“ was speedily admitted.

“ His counsellor, Mr. Simple, re-  
“ mained in my situation, watching, I  
“ suppose, the success of his brother-  
“ adventurer.—

“ A thought struck me; by heaven  
“ I suspected that Mrs. Middle-  
“ ton was really imposed upon,  
“ and that the man who had visited  
“ her in my borrowed name,—had  
“ only borrowed it himself.—Imagin-

F 3 “ ing

“ ing that I had as good a right to  
“ the name of Harcourt, if not a bet-  
“ ter by the rule of priority, than any  
“ other impostor, I was resolved to  
“ dispute it, even in my fictitious cha-  
“ racter. Advancing, therefore, towards  
“ Mr. Simple, who, as I imagined, wish-  
“ ed much to avoid me, I took the li-  
“ berty of addressing this gentleman  
“ with an air of familiarity.

“ I am very glad I met you—  
“ how!—was not there another gen-  
“ tleman with you?

“ He replied in the affirmative.

“ Upon enquiring his name, under  
“ pretence that I believed I knew him,  
“ Mr. Simple very candidly informed  
“ me, that it was Random,—whom I  
“ had

“had heard such frequent mention  
“of.

“I observed now,—that there was  
“a very extraordinary circumstance  
“that just happened.—Upon his curi-  
“ously demanding an explanation of  
“it, I informed him that some strange  
“fellow or other, for a motive en-  
“tirely unknown, had assumed my  
“name, and absolutely imposed upon  
“the mistress of that house, (point-  
“ing over to Mrs. Middleton’s) and  
“that I wished as soon as possible  
“to undeceive her.

“Mr. Simple pretended a great  
“surprise at this information, and ad-  
“vised me to wait patiently till the  
“mistake was explained; but I observ-  
“ed that the affair would not brook  
“further delay, and begged of him, as  
“I had the pleasure of dining with

“ him at old Mr. Charlemont’s, that  
“ he would step in for a moment with  
“ me to Mrs. Middleton’s, and con-  
“ vincé the old lady of her error.

“ Mr. Simple endeavoured to evade  
“ this request as much as possible; upon  
“ which I urged him more closely, at  
“ last he declared that it was entirely  
“ out of his power to stay one minute  
“ longer, as he was in a violent hurry  
“ to meet a gentleman in the coffee-  
“ house. I promised not to delay him  
“ a moment, but the gentleman seemed  
“ the more eager to depart the more  
“ I pressed him to stay. I was de-  
“ termined to mortify the wretch, (for  
“ I plainly perceived his drift) and at  
“ last, by my continual entreaties, Mr.  
“ Simple was obliged to retreat, though  
“ evidently desirous to wait the return  
“ of Mr. Random.

“ I re-

“ I resolved not to lose this only and  
“ happy opportunity which offered it-  
“ self ; I repeated my visit to Mrs.  
“ Middleton without ceremony. I  
“ walked in, and enquired of the  
“ servant, if the gentleman who called  
“ himself Harcourt was now in the  
“ house ; upon receiving an affirmative  
“ answer, I soon conjectured that I  
“ was rivalled by that common rival,  
“ Random, upon which I commanded  
“ the servant to acquaint her mistress  
“ that I was here again. The servant,  
“ somewhat astonished at my second  
“ appearance, paid me a little more  
“ respect than before, and after per-  
“ forming my commands, at length  
“ Mrs. Middleton came down stairs.

“ Well, Madam, I cried, with some  
“ degree of consequence and assurance,

“ I have watched your house since my  
“ departure from it, and believe that  
“ that vile impostor, whose *matchless*  
“ and *consummate impudence* (speaking in  
“ her own style) has led him to usurp  
“ my name and character, is now above  
“ stairs ; I am therefore come again to  
“ see him, to confute him to his face,  
“ and, Madam, remove that erroneous  
“ opinion which you still entertain of  
“ the real Mr. Harcourt.

“ The old lady was astonished, and,  
“ believing that there was something in  
“ the matter, on account of my fort-  
“ tude, desired me to walk up stairs,  
“ and dispute the affair with the other  
“ gentleman ; that, for her part, she  
“ should say no more, pro nor con ;  
“ but she knew one of us to be a very  
“ great rogue and lyar.

“ I could

“ I could hardly forbear my smiles  
“ at the old lady’s remark upon *one of*  
“ *us*—such was my opinion of the man  
“ above stairs, that I knew we were *both*  
“ impostors.

“ I had now reached the first floor,  
“ where, expecting to see my dear  
“ Julia, I was disagreeably deceived, for  
“ only Mr. Random was before me.  
“ This gentleman, seated before the fire,  
“ had a book in his hand, lolling with  
“ the greatest self-sufficiency.

“ At sight of me, a sudden tremor  
“ seized him,—he dropped the book,  
“ as if dreading a detection, and, rising  
“ from his chair, very awkwardly saluted  
“ me.

“ I took the happy advantage of his  
“ conscious fear, and looking at him

“ with a stern countenance, enquired  
“ of him if he knew me. He repeated  
“ the negative in a trembling tone.

“ Then, cried I, my name is Har-  
“ court, which you have vilely usurp-  
“ ed, for purposes mean and dishonor-  
“ able, to deceive poor Mrs. Middle-  
“ ton, whose easy temper had exposed  
“ her to your wiles.

“ Is it possible? interrupted the maiden  
“ lady.—Oh! indeed, I was always  
“ easy and credulous.

“ Don’t believe him, cried Mr. Ran-  
“ dom, I *am* Harcourt.—Why I’d  
“ lay my life but that is Stafford,  
“ the vile fellow who was pursuing  
“ poor Miss Courtney.

“ No,—I believe, cried Mrs. Mid-  
“ dleton, that *you* are Stafford.

“ He,

“ He Stafford! — no — he has not  
“ half Mr. Stafford’s worth, I ex-  
“ claimed, with no little vanity; his  
“ name is Random — well known all  
“ over the world for a notorious  
“ coward, yet a professed admirer of  
“ every lady.

“ Mr. Random now requested that  
“ Mr. Simple should be immediately  
“ sent for, to vouch his character. I  
“ begged that he might, for that I just  
“ looked upon him as an equal wretch,  
“ who, because he had dined with me at  
“ Mr. Charlemont’s, and discovered the  
“ old gentleman’s intentions, had as-  
“ fisted him in his dark designs. I re-  
“ quested that Mr. Worthy should be  
“ also sent for, because that he knew  
“ both mine and Mr. Random’s real  
“ characters, and would, no doubt,  
“ explain them. This so alarmed my  
“ rival,

“ rival, that he could scarcely utter  
“ another word,

“ As I wished my dear Julia should  
“ hear her Stafford’s voice, I repeated  
“ every menace in a loud voice. Mrs.  
“ Middleton naturally imagining that  
“ there would be a great and dangerous  
“ contest—now and then interrupted us  
“ with her female fears, assuring us that  
“ if we made any disturbance in her  
“ house, it would absolutely alarm Miss  
“ Courtney, whose chamber was over  
“ our heads, perhaps throw her into the  
“ hystericks. This latter declaration  
“ gave new courage to Mr. Random,  
“ who, supposing that the old lady  
“ would never let us fight, assumed a  
“ little more fortitude than he had be-  
“ fore, and insisted upon immediate  
“ satisfaction. Mrs. Middleton was in-  
“ deed terrified, and enjoined her ser-  
“ vant to step over the way to a house  
“ of

“ of lodgers, and beg one of the gentlemen to come and appease us.

“ In the mean time the vaunting Random, insisted upon his claim to the title of Harcourt—while I, the more enraged, threatened to chastize his impudence.

“ The servant now came up stairs with a third gentleman, to whom Mrs. Middleton very freely disclosed the occasion of our contest.

“ The stranger, very fortunately for me, did not know my real name; but by his alternate looks at us both, seemed to entertain very great suspicions.

“ Well, (cried he) and you say, Sir,  
“ that

“ that your name is William Har-  
“ court?

“ Yes, Sir, returned Mr. Random,  
“ with the greatest confidence.

“ The gentleman addressing me,  
“ repeated the same question, and re-  
“ ceived the same answer.

“ Now, Sir, observed Mrs. Mid-  
“ dleton, is not one of them a very  
“ great liar?

“ Both, he returned, both—for I be-  
“ lieve, neither of them has the least  
“ claim to the title.

“ Oh! I beg your pardon Sir,—  
“ there is only *one* Stafford,—so that  
“ of course there is only *one* of them  
“ an impostor. I don’t know which  
“ to

“ to suspect, but I am determined to  
“ be cautious and have nothing to do  
“ with either.

“ I think, cried the stranger, that I  
“ am perfectly well acquainted with Mr.  
“ Harcourt; — but give me leave to  
“ ask some questions, and then the  
“ truth may be discovered.

“ I was, indeed, very much alarm-  
“ ed at this stranger’s knowledge.—  
“ He enquired of me, who would  
“ vouch that my name was Har-  
“ court?

“ I again repeated Mr. Worthy,  
“ with whom I said I lodged; this  
“ seemed to be in my favor.

“ My rival mentioned Mr. Simple’s  
“ name, and added that there was a  
“ Mr. Harris, an eminent physician,  
“ who

“ who would support his character.

“ Upon being examined where Mr. Harris lived—the old lady declared “ that *he* was the sharper; for there was “ no such person in that street or “ house.

“ The stranger, however, put an end to our dispute; for he declared “ himself to be the very Harcourt, “ and brother of that gentleman who “ fought with young Charlemont.

“ New astonishment succeeded.—I was particularly alarmed, imagining “ that there was no remedy.

“ Good Lord! (exclaimed the old lady) has the devil got among you? “ —Why *two* of you must be confounded liars.—But, Sir, if you be, “ as you say, the real Mr. Harcourt, “ when

“ when did you see Mr. Courtney?—  
“ where does your niece lodge?—how  
“ is your brother?—how is young Mr.  
“ Charlemont?—how is his father?—  
“ when did you arrive?—how long  
“ do you stay?—what was the cause  
“ of your departure?—why—.

“ Softly, madam, returned Mr. Har-  
“ court ; one question at a time, and  
“ I may answer. The cause of my de-  
“ parture, was to know the real truth  
“ of this affair between my brother  
“ and young Charlemont.

“ I arrived last Monday,—I shall stay  
“ five or six months.—As to my niece,  
“ I don’t know where she lodges,—  
“ Mr. Courtney, I never had the plea-  
“ sure of seeing,—and as to young  
“ Mr. Charlemont’s health, I can assure  
“ you that he is very well; but, in respect  
“ to his father, I am afraid of the con-  
“ trary,

“ trary, for, poor man, I am sure he  
“ is insane.”

— “ You, Mr. Harcourt ! replied the  
“ old lady, with a sarcastic smile, why,  
“ you have proved yourself a lyar al-  
“ ready.

— “ My old friend insane !—Oh, mon-  
“ strous ! and as to Mr. Courtney, he  
“ dined with Mr. Harcourt the day  
“ before he left this.—

— “ Yes, madam, I cried, interrupt-  
“ ing the old lady, he dined with  
“ me.

— “ And what is more, Sir, continued  
“ Mrs. Middleton, young Mr. Charle-  
“ mont is dangerously ill, and Maria  
“ Harcourt lodges in —.

— “ I did  
“ *what?* ”

“ I did not permit the old lady  
“ to make any further discoveries—  
“ so, stopping her mouth, I very in-  
“ genuously observed, that the stranger  
“ (as I still called him,) had, I be-  
“ lieved, taken this mode of examin-  
“ ing us, to be a better judge.

“ Mr. Random, unwilling to stay  
“ any longer, made an abrupt depar-  
“ ture, under pretence of getting some  
“ one to witness his assertions,—while  
“ Mr. Harcourt, mortified at the old  
“ lady’s unbelief, declared he would  
“ lose no further time, so very con-  
“ tentedly walked away. I now made  
“ one of my best bows to the old lady,  
“ hoping that the next time we met,  
“ we should be better acquainted, and  
“ requesting Mrs. Middleton to write  
“ to old Mr. Charlemont, and get a  
“ full account of Mr. Harcourt’s per-  
“ son.

“ I had

“ I had scarcely reached the hall,  
“ when I was immediately called back  
“ by the old lady.—Here, says she;  
“ here is a letter one of you has  
“ dropped in the room.—Is it yours?  
“ —’Tis signed James Stafford, and  
“ addressed to a Mr. Harvey.

“ This was unfortunately a let-  
“ ter that I had intended to send  
“ Mr. Harvey about some business,  
“ which I suppose, in the heat of  
“ my passion I had dropped. I own I  
“ was rather confused about it, as I  
“ was obliged to disown it.

“ The old lady kept it with seeming  
“ pleasure, observing that it would un-  
“ doubtedly lead to a discovery of the  
“ real Stafford:

“ The contents of the letter I disre-  
“ garded, but I was very apprehensive  
“ of

“ of being speedily found out,—how-  
“ ever I assumed as much confident  
“ assurance as I could, and left Mrs.  
“ Middleton with tolerable success.

“ Soon as I was in the street, I natu-  
“ rally suspected that the old lady  
“ would very properly send over to the  
“ house of lodgers, and enquire the  
“ names of the gentlemen. I waited  
“ for a while, expecting every moment  
“ the maid, but not seeing her, de-  
“ clined all further attempts, and de-  
“ parted.”

When Mr. Stafford had concluded his narrative, which had not a little surprised us, I proposed, as I had some interest with Mr. Harvey, to whom the letter was addressed, and where Mrs. Middleton would certainly go for an explanation, to see and prevail upon him to conceal Mr. Stafford's person:

my

my proposal being received with thanks, I was immediately preparing for the visit; but, on account of Mr. Worthy's sudden appearance, postponed it till to-morrow.

At the request of Mrs. Worthy, Stafford and myself, the young gentleman gave us the sequel of Mr. Motley's story.

" By the time I had seen Mrs. Motley, she had received the promised letter from her husband, where in the reasons given for his sudden departure were nearly as follow:

" Mr. Motley, being long reduced, on account of many unforeseen misfortunes, was obliged to run several hazards

" hazards for the sake of a comfortable  
" subsistence. His wife, though never  
" intended by her parents for drudgery,  
" did, notwithstanding, determine, for  
" the sake of her husband and new  
" born babe, to assist in discharging  
" some of their expences, though un-  
" willing as the husband was, that she  
" should undergo the toils of slavery.  
" Mrs. Motley, with cheerful resigna-  
" tion, resolved to be a nurse. When  
" the husband understood her intentions,  
" she not only calmly submitted, but  
" procured her the nursing of Mrs.  
" Commerce's child, which, after his  
" departure, dying, the unhappy Mrs.  
" Motley secretly substituted her own,  
" my dearest Emma, in her place.  
" Mr. Motley, having wished to make  
" one bold stroke for a competency to  
" subsist on, had, several months be-  
" fore this, without the knowledge of  
" his wife, which he had ever since re-

“ pented, promised to assist a young  
“ gentleman in the running away with  
“ an heiress; the young lady being in  
“ possession of a very considerable for-  
“ tune. The lover assured Mr. Motley  
“ that in case the elopement was pro-  
“ perly effected, he should have five  
“ thousand pounds for his service. To  
“ one so indigent, and oppressed with all  
“ the cares of a family, this proposal,  
“ or rather bribe, was by no means to be  
“ rejected.

“ Mr. Motley complied with the  
“ young gentleman’s desires; and that  
“ the lover might be able to sur-  
“ mount some difficulties which op-  
“ posed for a while his intentions,  
“ he borrowed from Mr. Motley four  
“ promissory notes, for an hundred  
“ pounds each, two of which he pre-  
“ vailed upon a friend to discount;  
“ assuring Mr. Motley, that he should  
“ have

“ have sufficient to discharge them  
“ when they became due; their dates  
“ being for some months.

“ Mr. Motley still possessed a tranquil mind, not doubting the success of their scheme. Fortune, according to her practice of deceitful smiles, seemed for a while to favor their attempts.

“ The lover, making many promises to his fair, at length prevailed upon the young lady, and after an occasional trip to Scotland, they returned, fast bound by the sacred ties of matrimony.

“ The young gentleman (whose name, Mr. Motley did not reveal, in compliance to the request of his wife's relations, who would not be reconciled on any other terms)

“ made a settlement of the fortune upon  
“ his wife ; whereby Mr. Motley could  
“ not be rewarded according to his ex-  
“ pectations. The husband, however, as-  
“ sured his now perturbed friend,  
“ that he would certainly give him  
“ a sufficient sum to pay the notes ;  
“ but ere the time of payment arrived,  
“ the gentleman suddenly died. His  
“ wife’s relations had made a seizure  
“ of all his papers, and Mr. Motley  
“ consequently dreaded the other two  
“ promissory notes, though never dis-  
“ counted.—He waited immediately  
“ upon the wife, in hopes to recover  
“ them, but she could not suppose,  
“ she said, that her husband ever bor-  
“ rowed such things as stamped pa-  
“ pers ;—that she was sure there was  
“ *value received*, and Mr. Motley must  
“ therefore abide the consequences ;  
“ any other request in her power, she  
“ added, Mr. Motley might command.

“ This

“ This she could not possibly do, as  
“ she would not let her relations  
“ think that her poor departed hus-  
“ band was ever guilty of such schemes;  
“ the only compensation, therefore, that  
“ the widow made for Mr. Motley’s  
“ sufferings, was the procuring Mrs.  
“ Commerce’s nursing for his wife.

“ Mr. Motley remained at home  
“ as long as he could; but the dates  
“ of the notes which were discounted,  
“ being nearly expired, he thought it  
“ his only way to write to the per-  
“ sons in whose hands they were, and  
“ then to leave his wife, his child,  
“ his home, till he could with more  
“ safety appear.

“ For four years Mr. Motley (hav-  
“ ing now assumed the name of More-  
“ land) lived in obscurity. When,

G 3            “ fortunately

“ fortunately meeting with a young  
“ gentleman of property, who, hear-  
“ ing his distress, and willing to con-  
“ tribute towards his relief, promised  
“ him, if he would take care of this  
“ small cottage, and conceal the owner’s  
“ name, that when he was of age,  
“ he should repay him in such a man-  
“ ner, as would enable him to return  
“ to his wife and child with safety.  
“ Some months, therefore, remaining  
“ till his master is of age, he cannot  
“ yet appear as Motley.”

The narrative being concluded, our curiosity was still on tip-toe to learn the name of the heir, who had employed Mr. Moreland, and the departed husband who had occasioned so much distress.

Mr. Worthy informed us that Mr. Moreland had expressed much surprise  
at

at the discovery of his daughter, but seemed greatly concerned for the death of the real Miss Commerce, which he has still enjoined to be kept secret till his return. He also added, that the reason he courted Mr. Random's company was, to make secret discoveries about his wife, whose absence he had much lamented, and merely upon that account had promised the villain his assistance.

A letter to Mr. Worthy, the direction of which was apparently a female's hand, now required his attention, and consequently interrupted his farther remarks. A letter from Emma ! his countenance betrayed it !

She had confessed her partiality for Mr. Worthy to her supposed mother, who instantaneously opposed it, and

not only objected to such a very improper union, as she termed it, but informed her, that there was a gentleman—a Lord ———, who had just made proposals for her, and since she was disposed for matrimony,—him —only him, for the sake of his fortune and title, she should have.

Mr. Worthy was indeed distressed. He now feared that even Mr. and Mrs. Motley, elate with the hopes of their daughter's being made a lady, would coincide with Mrs. Commerce's intentions.

Mrs. Worthy was the more averse to her son's passion, fearing it might meet with insults which it did not deserve.—But the young gentleman, filled with a thousand apprehensions, determined to see Mrs. Motley immediately,

diately, and humbly implore her protection.

*Six o'clock.*

Mr. Worthy about this time returned, and with a sorrowful countenance remarked, that Mrs. Motley, upon seeing her daughter's letter, seemed rather pleased with Mrs. Commerce's intention ; as she evaded poor Mr. Worthy's solicitations, by assuring him, that such was her embarrassed situation, she had no possible influence over Mrs. Commerce.

The young gentleman, however, contrary to the wish of his mother, wrote a very pathetic letter to Mr. Moreland, requesting his answer immediately. After which he went out again to

enquire the name of his new rival.

*Nine o'Clock.*

Mr. Stafford paid us another visit, for about a few minutes, to inform us, particularly me, that he had just received a letter from young Mr. Charlemont, wherein he assures his friend, that as his father and Mr. Courtney had left London, in consequence of his supposed illness, he would seize the earliest opportunity of also leaving the village before their arrival, and ere their return, assist Mr. Stafford in his intentions,—meaning when he sees old Mr. Charlemont, to confess the falsity of the report concerning his health; assuring him that he came *post haste* to London, to obey his commands, and

and pretending, that the letters which his father had sent him, for the sake of a real account of the duel and all its consequences, had never reached him.

Mr. Stafford was indeed delighted with this transporting news, as his friend could easily assist his designs, without incurring the anger of his father, who would consequently attribute Miss Courtney's intended elopement to the *unfortunate* journey they had taken, and be himself released from the disagreeable thought of marrying a young lady, though possest of every accomplishment, that he could never love.

*Eleven o'clock.*

I could eat no supper, my heart was too full. The expectation of again seeing Mr. Charlemont, had taken

G 6 away

away all appetite.—My partiality for him was so evident, my joy so immoderate, that good Mrs. Worthy did continually rally me, and say—

“ Aye, aye,—it *vill* all be *vell*. I *var-*  
“ *rant ve* *vill* have your *vedding* before  
“ the *veek* is *out*.—So no *whimpering*  
“ now.—Tears are all *wain*.

Mr. Worthy just returned, when we sat down to supper.—He informed us, that an answer from Moreland assured him that he could not interfere with Mrs. Commerce's business, consequently Lord Rivington (that being his rival's name) must be Emma's husband. For, notwithstanding she was *his* child, he would not, for every reason, oppose Mrs. Commerce's will.

The young gentleman was exceedingly sad, and his mother very much chagrined at his passion.

I could

I could not help defending his disinterested love, at the same time railing against the false ambition of Mr. and Mrs. Motley, who were undoubtedly indebted to Mr. Worthy for the preservation of their daughter's honor.

THURS-

## T H U R S D A Y.

*Eleven o'clock.*

THIS day being very fine, and the weather inviting, I waited upon Mr. Harvey, according to the promise I had yesterday made Mr. Stafford; and mentioning the several circumstances respecting the supposed Harcourt and Mrs. Middleton, enjoined the profoundest secrecy.

This gentleman, mindful of the late obligation he was under, religiously promised to obey me; and requesting an explicit account of every thing which

which even concerned me, assured me that though appearances were against him, yet if I would now confide in him, I should experience his most sincere friendship.

While I was imparting some few incidents relative to my own life — Mrs. Middleton, whose name being announced, had prepared us for her reception, walked in.

The old lady requesting to speak in private with Mr. Harvey, the gentleman very politely assured her, that as I was a particular friend, any thing she had to communicate, she might freely say before me.

Mrs. Middleton now took out the letter which Mr. Stafford had dropped in her room, and requested to know

know of Mr. Harvey if he thought that that letter was intended for him.

Mr. Harvey pretended to take a cursory view of the note, and muttering the following words : " Sir, hope " to have the pleasure of seeing you— " to-morrow—three o'clock—particu- " lar busines—humble servant—James " Stafford.—"

Mr. Harvey very judiciously acknowledged his acquaintance with Mr. Stafford, and being particularly requested by Mrs. Middleton to explain his person, gave an exact description of Mr. Random's. The old lady prided herself upon this happy discovery, (as she thought) and advised Mr. Harvey to inform his good friend James, when he saw him, that if ever he troubled her again he should meet a reception which he would not like. Mrs. Mid-  
leton,

dleton, knowing there was another impostor<sup>?</sup> to be yet discovered, wished to learn, if possible, what sort of cloaths Mr. Harcourt generally wore. I took the opportunity now of confessing my knowledge of Mr. Harcourt, and very sagaciously assured the old lady that Mr. William Harcourt was a tall man, (my uncle being short) and very often appeared in green, with fancy buttons ; this was Mr. Stafford's usual dress. Mrs. Middleton very naturally supposed that he was the real Harcourt. Impressed with this idea, she was ready to depart with secret satisfaction, and, while taking her leave, requested to know my name and abode ; for being much obliged to me, she said, for the information I had given her, she wished to be better acquainted with me. I thanked her, but faltered in my reply. Mr. Harvey, perceiving my confusion, spoke for me, and informing Mrs. Middleton that I was

a cousin

a cousin of his, just from the country, all further enquiries terminated, and the old lady, after giving me her address, and repeating her wish to see me, departed.

I stayed a while with Mr. Harvey, but, deeming it highly necessary to see and speak to Mr. Stafford as soon as possible, after suggesting a few necessary remarks, and Mr. Harvey promising every assistance, I made all possible expedition to Mrs. Worthy's.

Two o'Clock.

Upon my entering the parlour, to my no small astonishment, I perceived young Charlemont and Mr. Stafford together. At sight of the former I knew not what I felt—seized with a sensitive alarm, I almost fainted—the generous

generous soul, who had caused this emotion, caught me by the hand, and, breathing a thousand tender speeches in mine ear, recalled me to life and love. Soon as I had recovered utterance, I enquired when and why he arrived. "About two hours ago, " he returned, I came; and on you, only "you, my sole happiness depends."

Recollecting the imminent danger I was in, immediately I withdrew my hands.

"Oh Mr. Charlemont, Mr. Charlemont, I cried, consider my humble situation. I have no fortune, no friends, to chance am I indebted for all present favours; and should I now hearken to your alluring voice, what may be the fatal consequence? Your friends and relations will despise you for this unhappy partiality, and "me,

“ me, though the innocent cause of  
“ your passion, they may for ever  
“ abandon and deride.—Oh, then,  
“ for a moment be serious; give not  
“ way to this infatuation. I have been  
“ the sad cause of an altercation al-  
“ ready, and should I encourage these  
“ addresses, of which I know myself  
“ unworthy, then may I be justly  
“ censured as breeding a family dis-  
“ turbance.”

“ Fortune ! ” repeated Charle-  
mont, “ by heaven I despise it.—  
“ You are a treasure in yourself, and  
“ if I love you, who shall dare to  
“ hate you ?—I know your situation,  
“ Miss Harcourt, and am ready to  
“ snatch you from envy and disdain.  
“ —As to my friends—let them be  
“ foes, if they please;—for they can  
“ have

“ have but little pretensions to the  
“ tender laws of friendship, if they  
“ would endeavour to oppose my wishes,  
“ —but see, not only I am depen-  
“ dent upon your generosity — but  
“ there is another, my friend, Mr.  
“ Stafford ;—and another—your friend,  
“ the fair Miss Courtney.—They love  
“ each other,—and if we don’t seize  
“ the present favorable opportunity of  
“ making ourselves happy — I must,  
“ though doubly unwilling, be an ene-  
“ my to Julia, my friend, and self.”

Mr. Stafford, who was very much disturbed during this interesting dialogue, humbly implored my consideration and pity. I knew not what to do—there were a thousand objections to be made, indeed; but love and friendship were still willing to sur-  
mount

mount all. I intimated the benevolence of Mr. Courtney, and that not only want of prudence, but also ingratitude would be laid to my charge; that thought had almost conquered my contending passions.

“ Oh! Sir, forbear, forbear—(I cried)  
“ I cannot, — must not offend Mr.  
“ Courtney. You little know the obli-  
“ gations I am under to that gentle-  
“ man.—When coming here and rob-  
“ bed of the little all that I had  
“ brought— with noble generosity he  
“ supplied my wants; — and shall I  
“ now, forgetful of such goodness, such  
“ exalted benevolence, be the very wretch  
“ that he at present imagines me, and  
“ supplant his dearest hopes? Oh! Mr.  
“ Charlemont,—Mr. Stafford, —never,  
“ never! — My dear Julia and her  
“ esteemed

“ esteemed friend may yet be happy—  
“ they shall—for I will assist their loves,  
“ though I must not think of being  
“ avowedly the enemy of my dear be-  
“ nefactors.”

Despair struck Mr. Charlemont, and equal despondence seized his friend Mr. Stafford; but Mrs. Worthy, who, it seems, had been all this while in the next apartment, listening to the conversation, and no longer able to bear my punctiliose scruples, rushed from her concealment, and chid my cold indifference with the utmost severity.

“ For shame—for shame,” she cried, “ I am *wery* much mortified, Miss Harcourt, to see all this *wain* hesitation—I *wow* and *purtest* you are a fool—“ 'tis no business of mine, to be sure; “ nay, I *would* lose a lodger by it; but, “ however, consider yourself; charity “ begins

“ begins at home—*what's* friendship—  
“ *what's* gratitude?— Love is excuse  
“ for all!—”

It was in vain for me to speak—  
my heart was willing, though my  
tongue was silent. Mr. Charlemont  
perceived my doubts, and pressing me  
more eagerly to consent, obtained at  
last a precipitate permission.

I had now disclosed all that passed  
between Mr. Harvey, Mrs. Middleton  
and me.—Whereupon Stafford pressed  
me to accept of the invitation that  
the old lady had given, and promised  
to attend me himself in the fictitious  
character that he had lately assumed.  
This being agreed on, Mr. Charlemont  
said that he would call there some  
minutes after, and salute Mr. Stafford  
as Harcourt,—which would no doubt  
remove every suspicion, and be the  
means

means of seeing Miss Courtney, and conveying her away, before the return of the old gentleman.

Mr. Charlemont was also determined to confess his speedy recovery to Mrs. Middleton, and appear sorry that his father had taken such an unnecessary journey.

Mr. Stafford began now to consider where, after effecting this intended elopement, they might take Miss Courtney to ; for it was presumption he thought to bring her to Mrs. Worthy's, her house being too well known.—Upon this consideration Mr. Charlemont observed,

“ I have at some distance from this  
“ a small cottage, which, in a juvenile frolic, I had taken, to avoid the  
“ occasional censures of an always

H “ whim-

“ whimsical father, and be of service  
“ to me in the course of my puerile  
“ exercises. I have since supported  
“ it with the little income I am al-  
“ lowed for pocket-money, and hav-  
“ ing the good fortune to meet with  
“ a trusty person, in whose care I  
“ have left it, think it the best and  
“ safest place to celebrate our mar-  
“ riages in.”

This discovery being very pleasing,  
we were determined as soon as possible  
to attend Mr. Charlemont to his  
private lodge; and, as there was no  
time to be lost, the succeeding evening  
was the time allotted for our visit to  
Mrs. Middleton.

*Five o'Clock.*

The hour having arrived, Mr. Stafford and I were summoning all our fortitude, to execute the scheme that we had lately designed. Young Mr. Charlemont proposed to stay for a few minutes with Mrs. Worthy, as her son had not been at home all day, and she was consequently lonesome. Stafford having enjoined his friend to follow him, as soon as he thought proper, we immediately proceeded to Mrs. Middleton's.

Our reception, Mr. Stafford remarked, was more favourable than he before experienced: the old lady came down stairs, and was indeed exceedingly surprised at seeing me. I took the liberty of informing her ladyship, that Mr. Harcourt having requested I would

accompany him to her house, and vouch the sincerity of his character, which I had with pleasure complied with, that I did myself the honor of waiting upon her, as she had so earnestly desired.

Mrs. Middleton, supposing me a cousin and name-fake of Mr. Harvey, very politely thanked me for my company, and observing the late altercation there was about the three Harcourts, hoped there was now an end to all imposition. We both, with dissembled gravity, hoped the same. The old lady ordered some tea. Mr. Stafford, expecting every moment his divine Julia, sat near the door, with an intention to give her a secret signal upon her entrance, whereby she might be apprized of her friend's and lover's determinations; but we were both disappointed in our views; there was no Julia Courtney permitted to appear. Mr. Stafford, with

with some assurance indeed, enquired for her; but the old lady, with more caution than we expected, told us that she could not suffer her to come down stairs yet, till she had received a letter from her father. The lover was very much disconcerted, and almost despair-  
ed (as I could easily perceive by his looks) of ever seeing again his dear Miss Courtney. I did not, however, lose any favourable opportunity of encouraging his hopes. Tea and coffee being prepared, Mrs. Middleton requested that we would use every freedom; and, after some general compliments, enquired how long we were acquainted with each other. Mr. Stafford replied for me, and informed the old unsuspecting lady, that he had the pleasure of knowing me these some weeks.

“Aye, aye,” returned Mrs. Mid-  
leton,

dleton, "I see now how it is. Oh, I  
"can see more than you imagine, and  
"know more than you think; you are  
"in love, I find.—Nay, never stare;  
"you are both a very young couple,  
"and I heartily wish each of you a  
"speedy wedding."

Mr. Stafford could not forbear smiling, and sincerely thanked the old lady for her wish; who, resuming her subject with the same pleasantry, told the young gentleman that she was not afraid of him now.—The conversation then commenced about me *in reality*, and the ignorant old lady began to abuse Miss Harcourt, in such a manner, and purposely before Mr. Stafford, that my patience could scarcely hold out.

We

We were now interrupted by the servant, who announced Mr. Simple's name. I trembled exceedingly, for fear Mr. Random (who knew me) was with him ; but understanding that he was alone, my fears were dispelled, and I was as well satisfied as Mr. Stafford to see this gentleman, whom we supposed Mr. Random had sent to justify his character.—His admittance being ordered, Stafford, with much sagacity, begged leave to conceal himself. I understood my friend's double intention ; he not only wished to confute Mr. Simple, but likewise have an opportunity of seeking Julia. Accordingly he slipped into the next parlour ; and Mr. Simple making his appearance, began to oratorize exceedingly in favor of his friend Random. Beholding me, he naturally imagined that I was Julia ; so that all the good qualifications of

Mr. Random were regularly described; but he was soon interrupted by the loud barking of Mrs. Middleton's mastiff, who, finding a stranger in Mr. Stafford's endeavouring to conceal himself, or more likely attempting a secret conversation with Miss Courtney, was resolved to alarm the whole house. Mrs. Middleton was obliged to leave the parlour, and pacify her dog *Cerberus*. This favourable opportunity Mr. Simple seized of informing me (the supposed Julia) of the stable and unalterable passion of his friend Random, who, notwithstanding the vigilance of the old lady, resolved, he said, by the assumed name of Harcourt, though he did not know any of the name, (but has often heard of it) to snatch me from a house of cruel despotism, and make me the happy partner of his bed. I had no time to make a reply, nor he for further speechifying;

ifying; so, putting a letter into my hands, which had been already written for the purpose, and begging I would carefully keep that to peruse in private, resumed his gravity upon the return of Mrs. Middleton, and still continued in Mr. Random's praise.

“ I assure you again, Madam, that  
“ you are imposed upon—the gentle-  
“ man who was first with you is the  
“ real Harcourt, and —”

Mr. Stafford now making a sudden appearance, the eloquent Mr. Simple was immediately struck dumb.—Poor Mrs. Middleton was delighted with the joke, as she thought it, but the confounded orator could not, were it to save his life, utter another word.—My friend was, indeed, very fortunate; he queried Mr. Simple a thousand times, and at last declared that the

wretch who had assumed Mr. Harcourt's name was a Mr. Random, a cowardly, impertinent, vile fellow, whom even to chastise would be a disgrace to manhood. While Mr. Stafford's passion was encreasing, the expected Charlemont appeared. At first Mrs. Middleton could not believe her eyes, but the salutation confirmed all; he shook hands with Stafford, calling him Harcourt, and, after an explanation of Mr. Simple's business, dismissed the poor unhappy fellow with the utmost contempt. As Mr. Charlemont pretended to know me, having, he said, met with me at Mr. Harvey's, there was no doubt remaining in Mrs. Middleton's opinion of the reality of our declarations. I took the opportunity of discovering Mr. Simple's intentions, and shewed the letter to Mrs. Middleton, which was intended for her niece. She was now more than ever obliged to me; and

and curiosity being general, read the contents, which, as well as my memory can retain, were nearly similar to the following:

“ MY DEAR JULIA,

“ SINCERELY feeling for your unhappy situation, and deeming it a meritorious act, I am resolved, with the assistance of my dear friend Mr. Simple, a man of extensive abilities, and much generosity, whose happy and literary accomplishments produced him a favourable opportunity of dining with your father, and thereby discovering his temper, and intentions of introducing a Mr. Harcourt, a worthless, insignificant fellow, (as all of that name are) whose niece I have absolutely refused on

H 6

“ your

“ your account; for ah!—she is not  
“ like you—those piercing eyes—those  
“ charming looks, are certainly supe-  
“ rior. I say then—nor wonder at my  
“ love, for the very first hour I beheld  
“ you I adored—that as I understand  
“ my rival is ill, and your foolish,  
“ whimsical father away, I shall assume  
“ the name of the expected Harcourt,  
“ and, notwithstanding the vigilance of  
“ your superannuated, conceited maiden  
“ aunt, run away with you before to-  
“ morrow night. Mrs. Villars will be  
“ very happy to receive you as her niece.  
“ I have bespoke jewels, and ordered my  
“ wedding cloaths to be made up. As  
“ I have some interest with Mr. Harris,  
“ a great physician, I shall, in case his  
“ assistance be wanted, make immediate  
“ application to him. On you, there-  
“ fore, depends my happiness—oh then,  
“ smile propitious, and doubtless for-  
“ tune

“tune will crown the ceaseless endeavours of a

“Sincere and ardent admirer,

“R.

“P. S. As a signal whereby I may  
“know that you approve of my  
“love, I shall walk in the back  
“alley leading to the garden of the  
“house, and hope to see you in  
“the window.”

We all enjoyed this letter exceedingly. Mrs. Middleton, indeed, was resolved to pay him well, if ever he came there again, for the kind appellation he had given her of a “superannuated, conceited, maiden aunt.”

I could

I could hardly forbear smiling at my own character; but Mr. Stafford becoming more uneasy about his dear, but absent Julia, and young Mr. Charlemont willing to expedite matters as soon as possible, enquired very ardently about Miss Courtney.

Mrs. Middleton sent up word to the young lady, to prepare herself for an interview with Mr. Charlemont, who had made all this unexpected haste to see her—enjoining the maid, at the same time, to give her all the keys she wanted, as she supposed that her dress might want some necessary adjustments.

The servant departed with the message, and young Mr. Charlemont—wishing to prepare Miss Courtney for the scheme that was in embryo—requested the permission of Mrs. Middleton

dleton to see Julia in private—as love always required the profoundest secrecy.

Mrs. Middleton acquiescing, enquired now about the wound he had received—for such, she remarked, were the variety of reports concerning him, that she did not know whether to think he was dangerously hurt or not.

Mr. Charlemont confessed that it did not signify, and imputed the falsity of the reports to the miscarriage of his and his father's letters.

We wondered much at Miss Courtney's delay, and Mrs. Middleton's patience being nearly exhausted, she called to the servant to repeat her commands.

A fud-

A sudden message to the old lady now caused the greatest astonishment. It was a note, which when Mrs. Middleton opened, she exclaimed—

“Good Heavens! Sir Isaac Littleton, Old Mr. Charlemont, and Mr. Courtney are in London.”

“In London!”—we echoed all. The old lady immediately read the contents.

“Madam,

“Sir Isaac meeting us on the way,  
“informed us that young Mr. Char-  
“lemon was perfectly well, and had  
“departed for London—but, in con-  
“sequence of some letters which to  
“him appeared very mysterious, he  
“was

“ was resolved to follow the young  
“ gentleman—so prevailed upon us to  
“ turn back with him. I shall see  
“ you in about an hour’s time—my  
“ old friend’s gout prevents me from  
“ coming sooner.

“ I remain

“ Yours,  
“ E. COURTNEY.”

Mr. Charlemont commanded the messenger to tell his father that he was here—while the terrified Stafford whispered me that Sir Isaac, knowing Mr. William Harcourt, would certainly make a discovery that might frustrate every attempt.—At the same time, recollecting the danger of my meeting Mr. Courtney—we both determined to leave the house immediately. Accordingly I rose up—and telling Mrs. Middleton that I should do

do myself the pleasure of calling some other evening, as I knew the present time was very busy, prepared for my departure.

Mr. Stafford seized this opportunity of seeing me home, though contrary to the inclination of the old lady.

When we went towards the street door, Mr. Stafford secretly begged his friend to exert the utmost endeavours in his behalf.

Mrs. Middleton was again repeating her commands about Julia, who had not even yet made her appearance.

I was in too great an agitation to delay longer; advancing therefore towards the street door, I perceived my

my father's brother at the other side of the way.

Double confusion seized me—my emotions were too evident.—Mr. Stafford enquired the matter—I could scarcely inform him. Such was my embarrassed situation, that I could neither stay, nor could I well depart; but of two evils, I chose the less. I was resolved—let the consequence be what it would—to leave Mrs. Middleton's immediately.

A carriage being very fortunately in the way, Mr. Stafford and I stept into it.

We had now ordered the coachman to drive to Mrs. Worthy's as quick as possible—but, as misfortunes seemed to abound, Mrs. Middleton particularly requested our stay for a moment,

ment, being afraid that Miss Courtney had eloped.

The sound of elopement had so agitated Mr. Stafford, that he would, in spite of all entreaties, delay for a more certain account. It was at last confirmed, and young Mr. Charlemont jumping into the carriage to take care of me, Mr. Stafford left us, to seek the fugitive Julia.

With rapid swiftness we soon reached Mrs. Worthy's, where young Mr. Charlemont promising to see me as soon as possible, left me, and ordering the coachman to return to Mrs. Middleton's, bade me for a while adieu.

Upon my entrance into the parlour, I perceived Mrs. Worthy and her son at a respectful distance.— Imagining therefore that something was

was the matter, before I disclosed what had happened respecting my own affairs, I requested a kind relation of this apparent sorrow.

Mrs. Worthy, with much contempt, mentioned her son's passion, and its ill consequences.

“After,” said she, “disappointing “the *vickedness* of Mr. Random, and “now stooping to that *wile woman* “Mrs. Commerce, he is absolutely af- “fronted both by her and Mrs. Mot- “ley, and yet is mean and little “enough to love the girl still.”

I endeavoured to reconcile the mother and son, as well as I could.— When they were somewhat more amicable, I asked Mr. Worthy a few pertinent questions. He informed me, that since he had the pleasure of seeing me,

me, he had another interview with Mrs. Motley; when, to his great mortification, the old woman advised him to decline all thoughts of marrying her daughter, as Mrs. Commerce had absolutely vowed that Lord Rivington should be her husband immediately.

After I had cheered Mr. Worthy's spirits, and partly removed the objections of his mother, I imparted every circumstance that had since happened, which not only excited their wonder, but pity for the disconsolate Julia.

*Ten o'Clock.*

No account of the gentleman or young lady yet reaching us, I was not a little alarmed for my friend's safety. At last, hearing a violent scream  
in

in the road, we flew to the street door, and enquired what was the matter? Alas! it was my dear Julia, who was endeavouring, by flight and shrieks, to avoid the insolence of those mean and unworthy gentlemen who take a pride in offending modesty, whenever they find it unprotected.

My dear Miss Courtney did not long want an asylum. Our doors were open—she saw an old friend in me. Then, joining her hands, and raising her eyes in thanksgiving prayers—fainted in my arms. Poor soul! we administered every relief, and soon recalled her wandering spirits.

“ Oh, my dear Maria!” she cried, addressing me, “ this goodness amply compensates for the distress I have undergone, chiefly owing to the late barbarity which I think was occasioned  
“ by

“ by my father seeing a letter I had  
“ written to you. I have been ever  
“ since confined and wretched. When  
“ at my aunt’s, Mrs. Middleton’s, un-  
“ derstanding that Mr. Charlemont was  
“ arrived, and sought an immediate  
“ interview, fearful of being forced  
“ to the sacred altar, I took that happy  
“ opportunity of using my aunt’s keys,  
“ which were sent to me, and during  
“ the hurry and consequent confusion  
“ of the mistress and maid, stole into  
“ the garden, and hastily climbing a  
“ wall, got into an alley which leads into  
“ the street ; but meeting a person  
“ here, contrary to my expectations, who  
“ had before insulted me in the country,  
“ I was afraid to tell my situation, yet  
“ trembled exceedingly with fear. He  
“ muttered something about a friend  
“ and letter, to which I made no reply;  
“ then, offering me his assistance, at-  
“ tempted to call a coach. I begged  
“ him,

“ him, if he would be a friend to the  
“ unhappy, to decline all rudeness, and  
“ show me the way to Mrs. Worthy’s :  
“ but this he peremptorily objected to,  
“ declaring that Mrs. Worthy’s was too  
“ far, but that he hoped to provide a  
“ lodging for me more commodious,  
“ and much cheaper. As to his honor  
“ —he declared I had no occasion to  
“ doubt it, for he should immediately  
“ wait upon Mr. Harris, who, for his  
“ sake, would take the greatest care of  
“ my health, and do his best to serve  
“ me. He now stopped at a millener’s  
“ shop, where he enquired for a Mr.  
“ Simple. Being informed that the  
“ gentleman was above stairs, writing,  
“ he sent up his and my name. The  
“ answer which was brought down was,  
“ that Mr. Simple was preparing some-  
“ thing for the press, which would be  
“ wanted in ten minutes time ; beg-  
“ ged therefore that I would walk up

“ till he had done; and that Mr. Ran-  
“ dom, in the mean while, would go  
“ to the other gentleman that he was  
“ talking of. With a faint heart indeed  
“ did I ascend the stairs—hoping to  
“ find a better friend above than I  
“ did below; but, to my great sur-  
“ prise, Mr. Simple, upon seeing me,  
“ dropped his pen, and enquired where  
“ Miss Courtney was. Perceiving that  
“ I was not known by him, I collected  
“ as much spirits as possible, and said  
“ that the young lady was unwilling  
“ to disturb him during his study;  
“ but that, if he insisted upon it, I  
“ should endeavour to prevail upon  
“ her to walk up. Do so, cried  
“ the scribbler, and continued his  
“ writing. I ran down stairs with a  
“ fluttering heart, and asked in the  
“ shop which way the gentleman who  
“ had accompanied me here went.—  
“ Under pretence of following him

“ about

“about business, I left the place, and  
“enquiring my best way here, ran  
“almost every step—but fearing every  
“moment the insults of another Ran-  
“dom, I indeed almost fainted with  
“fear. Upon being opposed by a  
“drunken man, I gave that scream  
“which so much alarmed you—and,  
“happy for me, drew the attention  
“of my friend.”

We sympathized with the distresses  
of my dear Julia—and, as well as  
we could, explained the reason why  
Mr. Random was in the alley waiting  
for her—and, fortunately for her, how  
Mr. Simple did not know her. But,  
ere we could inform her of Mr.  
Stafford’s visit to Mrs. Middleton—  
behold!—the gentleman appeared, to  
the no little astonishment of Miss  
Courtney—who fainted again at his  
unexpected appearance.

It was with some difficulty we could recover Julia, or persuade her that her beloved Stafford was indeed before her. However, the ardent lover—after joy had given him utterance—explained the reason of his being here; and assuring Julia that he lodged in this house, and was thereby mistaken for my uncle, the fair one was revived with the happy intelligence.

Mr. Stafford said, that he was seeking Miss Courtney all over London. At last, despairing of success, he returned to Mrs. Middleton's; where an account was brought that Mr. Random, having conveyed Miss Courtney away, repaired to Mr. Courtney's, whom he always supposed to be Mr. Harris, a physician; and, entrusting him with the secret, begged him to come immediately to Mr. Simple's, and

and bleed the young lady—as he feared her agitation of spirits might greatly injure her;—then to provide her with a soporiferous potion, that he might triumph over the easy fair.

Mr. Courtney could scarcely retain his rage; but, anxious to recover his daughter, seemed to comply with his unruly desires. Upon entering Mr. Simple's lodgings, with the other adventurer, Random enquired of his friend where Miss Courtney was.

Simple—thunderstruck at the appearance of the young lady's father—confessed the real truth, (as he thought) that he had not the pleasure of seeing her.

Mr. Courtney supposing—because he had dined with him, and consequently

I 3 knew

knew him—that this was but a mere evasive declaration, seized the unhappy mortal by the throat, and shaking him with furious rage, menaced him in the most bitter manner.

“ Beware,” cried he, “ beware!—  
“ Tell me where she really is—or meet  
“ a father’s resentment.”

“ A father’s resentment!”—echoed Mr. Random—who, finding his woful mistake, was now stealing away; but Mr. Courtney flying towards the door, opposed his departure, and swore vengeance against the two adventurers, if they did not immediately deliver up his child.

The people of the house—alarmed with the noise—came up, and interposed. They said, the young lady who had

had accompanied Mr. Random, went in pursuit of him afterwards.

The scuffle which ensued was scarcely to be hushed.

Suffice it to say, that Mr. Courtney did not leave the house till he had properly chastized the insolence of Random and his companion.

“Meeting me now”—continued Stafford, “at Mrs. Middleton’s, he requested I would immediately see whether his daughter was at Mrs. Worthy’s.

“Unwilling that he should be troublesome here, I assured him that I had enquired already—but in vain.

“Old Mr. Charlemont appeared in great agitation. He said that he

“ had promised to return immediately  
“ to Sir Isaac Littleton, and tell him  
“ the result of this business.

“ During the confusion, Mrs. Mid-  
“ dleton recollect<sup>ed</sup> the real Mr. Har-  
“ court”—[Here we explained to Julia  
the mistake that originated from Mr.  
Stafford’s lodging here]—“ and im-  
“ mediately exclaiming—Oh that’s  
“ true. There is the second impostor  
“ over the way. Here, Betty, Betty,  
“ go ask for that strange fellow that  
“ was here, and see if Miss Courtney  
“ be with him.

“ Perceiving the danger that I was  
“ in—as undoubtedly the servant would  
“ find out the deception which I had  
“ imposed—I very sagaciously offered  
“ to enquire myself; and stepping over  
“ the way, before Mrs. Middleton and  
“ Courtney, asked for a strange name—  
“ and

“ and returning, with a very melancholy countenance, assured them that he was not there—but that it should be my indefatigable study all the night to seek her; so taking a hasty leave—with a heavy heart—I hastened towards my home; purposing—if Miss Harcourt had obtained no information—to renew my search again.”

Just after this narrative, young Mr. Charlemont—with anxious hopes—called in, and seeing us so happily united, joined in the general harmony; but remarking that his immediate return was undoubtedly necessary, to prevent Mr. Courtney’s and his father’s seeking Julia, he would (he said) for the present night depart, but early in the morning renew his visit, and take his friends to the cottage which he had been lately talking of.

We thanked him for his kind attention, and Mr. Stafford repairing to his own apartment, Julia and I—with consent of Mrs. Worthy—slept together.

FRIDAY.

F R I D A Y.

*Six o'clock.*

**A**BOUT this time—ere any in the house was up—Mr. Charlemont waited upon us in a carriage.

The servant—with half-opened eyes—came round to us, declaring that Mr. Charlemont was below, and requested to see us immediately:

In a moment we were all up—particularly Mr. Stafford, who was before us in the parlour, as the agitation of his mind did not suffer him to enjoy a tranquil repose:

We enquired of young Mr. Charlemont what further adventures had happened; but, fearful of a sudden interruption, he forbore all information, till we were safely away from Mrs. Worthy's; as he dreaded, every moment, the entrance of Mr. Courtney and his father, who had already discovered the real Harcourt; and, he feared, would be here immediately.

This intimation was sufficient. We stepped into the carriage—and, enjoining Mrs. Worthy to behave with fortitude upon the business, drove for the cottage which my dear Mr. Charlemont was lately speaking of.

When a few miles from Mrs. Worthy's, our friend, whose occasional assiduity in providing the carriage was so great

great, now began to inform us about the old gentlemen.

“ Mr. Harcourt, it seems, having seen me when stepping last night into the coach, was, no doubt, surprised at my unexpected visit at Mrs. Middleton’s, and waiting a better opportunity of enquiring, after the company had entirely left the house, called upon Mrs. Middleton, and hoped that she was now assured of her mistake, in respect to his name and person, seeing that Miss Harcourt, his niece, who had very imprudently left her father, brothers and sisters, was just now with her. This the old lady seriously denied; but, in consequence of Miss Courtney’s sudden elopement, thought proper to detain the supposed impostor, and send for Mr. Courtney, Old Charlemont, and Sir Isaac Littleton. The former

“ former was out of the way, being  
“ then with Mr. Random; but the  
“ latter, as speedily as his gout would  
“ permit him, came with the old gen-  
“ tleman, and having a thorough know-  
“ ledge of Mr. William Harcourt,  
“ soon discovered the cheat.—General  
“ confusion ensued—and a search be-  
“ ing made for Mr. Courtney, to in-  
“ form him of this new discovery,  
“ happily prevented an enquiry for  
“ Stafford and Julia. Mrs. Middleton,  
“ no doubt, railed against the duplicity  
“ of the seemingly-innocent Maria Har-  
“ court: she remarked the manner by  
“ which Mr. Courtney was also duped,  
“ still abusing that false meekness, as  
“ she called it; but these base insinu-  
“ ations so exceedingly hurt Mr. Har-  
“ court, that he would hear no more  
“ against his niece, imputing all her  
“ foibles and imprudence to the seve-  
“ rity of a father.

“ Mr.

“ Mr. Courtney entering, and in the  
“ heat of his passion making men-  
“ tion of a late contribution towards  
“ the relief of his niece, who had been  
“ robbed, my uncle, with heroic indig-  
“ nation, and a spirit truly noble, threw  
“ him down the sum that he had lent,  
“ and said that he had now put it out  
“ of his power ever to say that he had  
“ given it.

“ What followed was not worthy  
“ the repeating. Mr. Charlemont ad-  
“ ded, that his father and company  
“ separated with heavy hearts; but by  
“ his happy contrivances, they defer-  
“ red all search for Miss Courtney till  
“ this morning.”

It was now resolved, upon reaching  
the cottage, that we should, in defi-  
ance to hereafter danger, join each our  
hands

hands—no more to part, or suffer separately the stings of sorrow.

Though employed as my mind was with my own calamities, and those of my dear Julia's, yet there was still room for sympathy on Mr. Worthy's account; and I was resolved, when alone with young Charlemont, to confess those sorrows which were imparted to me, that every endeavour might be exerted to complete the happiness of Worthy, and the supposed Miss Commerce.

*Nine o'clock.*

We had now reached the private spot of which I had heard so much praise—simple, rural, and neat!—Breakfast being prepared, when we had entered, young Charlemont summoned the keeper

keeper of the cottage, and told him the necessity of our immediate nuptials.

“ Mr. Moreland,” cried he, (I was startled at the name,) “ only complete the happiness of two loving pair, and the promise that I made you shall be instantly fulfilled.”

Stafford and I were no longer strangers to this business—we had now discovered the heir, who had employed the disguised Motley, and exulted exceedingly at the pleasing state of affairs.

Having watched an opportunity, I spoke to Mr. Moreland in private, concerning his daughter and Mr. Worthy; but his heart appeared to me to be still callous. He remarked, that if (as by all accounts Lord Rivington was

was rich) he was blest with so affluent a son-in-law, he might to him only divulge the real birth of Emma, and perhaps receive some large presents, for the sake of silence and secrecy.

“ Good Heaven!” I remarked, “ and “ would you, Mr. Moreland, endan- “ ger the happiness of a child for the “ vain expectation of a reward? Might “ not her husband upon this discovery, “ hate, and insult her? I assure you, “ Sir, that if you do not immediately “ send for your wife and daughter, “ while I shall write to Mr. Worthy, “ the promise which Mr. Charlemont “ has made you shall be void.”

“ Shall be void!” echoed More- land, in a voice of sullenness, and de- parting with a gloomy countenance.

Supposing

Supposing that this threat would have some weight upon Mr. Moreland, I wrote immediately to Mr. Worthy, informing him where I was, how I had acted, and requesting his company as soon as possible.

*Twelve o'clock.*

We had till now walked in the garden, flattering ourselves, between each rural shade, that all our hopes and wishes would be soon completed; but, suddenly missing Mr. Moreland, we were all surprized, particularly Charlemont, who had depended upon him, and supposed that, for his own sake, he would not venture far from the village.

Our surprise, however, had soon a termination. Mr. Moreland came in.

He

He said, that he was only as far as the post-office, leaving a letter for his wife.

The gloom that had before clouded his countenance, I remarked to be now dispelled.

Charlemont again spoke to him concerning our nuptials, which Mr. Moreland assured him could not be till to-morrow—as it was impossible, so soon, to procure the licences.

Upon his leaving the room, I thought proper to acquaint young Charlemont with the story of Miss Commerce, and make my observations upon Moreland's character.

This conversation—which very much engrossed the attention of Charlemont—entertained us till dinner time.

*Three o'Clock.*

We were now interrupted by Mr. Worthy's abrupt entrance; who, contrary to the will of Mr. Moreland—as it seems he endeavoured to prevent his admittance—rushed into the parlour, and, with looks of disappointment and horror, told us we were all ruined.

“ Oh,” cried he, “ some secret enemy has sent word to Mr. Courtney where his daughter is, and understanding that he was immediately upon his pursuit, I rode, with the most rapid expedition, to apprise you of his approach.”

We were all terrified—but young Mr. Charlemont, immediately calling up Moreland,

Moreland, enquired the reason of this discovery.

“ Wretch !” he cried, “ did you not promise the profoundest secrefy ?— “ Why then deceive me ?”

“ Because,” he replied, “ the lady whom you intend for your bride has made new conditions on your side, and has declared, if I do not observe them, your promise to me shall be void.”

“ My promise,” returned the enraged youth, “ is no more. The gentleman in whose possession are your two notes, for an hundred pounds each, shall know where you are. Mrs. Commerce shall be informed of Emma’s real birth, which will certainly put an end to Lord Rivington’s addresses, and the disappointed mother will, no doubt,

“ doubt, enforce the payment of the  
“ other two notes, which her departed  
“ husband—whose marriage you as-  
“ fisted—left behind.”

“ Oh !” cried the terrified man, fal-  
ling on his knees, “ it is in my power  
“ yet to make you happy. Pray then  
“ revoke your menaces, and hear ano-  
“ ther secret which I have to confess—  
“ Ere ten minutes expire, Mr. Staf-  
“ ford and you shall each be united  
“ with the fair one of his choice.  
“ There is above stairs a gentleman,  
“ whose sacred function it is to marry ;  
“ on account of leaving the village  
“ where his curacy was, for the com-  
“ mission of some fault, which exceed-  
“ ingly injured his character. This,  
“ added to some other reasons, which  
“ he did not think proper to disclose,  
“ induced him to leave his home, and  
“ being with his travel very much fa-

tigued,

“tigued, begged that I would give  
“him a lodging for a few nights, for  
“which, as far as it was in his power,  
“he promised to repay me. I lent  
“him my own chamber, and, accord-  
“ing to his request, said that he should  
“there be concealed. Now, being in  
“this embarrassed situation, I make no  
“doubt but he will, without reward  
“or licence, marry you both ere the  
“arrival of the old gentlemen.”

“Where is he?” exclaimed Mr. Charlemont.—While Mr. Moreland departed to inform him of what was wanted, the generous Worthy proposed to hasten towards Mrs. Commerce’s, and if he met Mr. Courtney and old Charlemont on the way, to cause a delay, or give them a wrong direc-  
tion.

When

When Mr. Worthy was gone, Moreland and the reverend gentleman appeared.—Oh, Heavens! what were my thoughts—my fears!—it was my father, who, contrary to my expectations, ran to embrace me; and calling me his dear, long-lost child, told me, that in consequence of the duel, about which he understood that old Mr. Charlemont and Courtney were on their way to seek him—he left my sister Sally to take care of his house, and, hoping to find me in London, was determined to seek and visit me in secret.

There was no time now for joy or grief; my father, without hesitation, took out his prayer-book, and twice repeating the ceremony, joined Charlemont's hand with mine, and Stafford's with Julia's.

Scarcely was the last word repeated, when the old gentlemen appeared at the door. To my no great astonishment I perceived four men ; my uncle being one, and Sir Isaac Littleton the second. The tremor which poor Julia and I were in excited their pity. Mr. William Harcourt was surprized to see his brother, and the fathers to hear of our marriages.

“ Hence—” cried the enraged Mr. Courtney to his daughter, “ you have deceived—you have disappointed me —you have married a beggar— and shall be one yourself.”

“ No,” interrupted my father, “ the reason of my presence here was to discover where my daughter was, and inform her, that Mrs. Satchell, who knew of her elopement from me, and of her’s and her friend’s secret attachment

“ attachment for Charlemont and Staf-  
“ ford, intended to make them happy.  
“ This benevolent woman died last  
“ week, and has in her will divided all  
“ her property between Maria and Ju-  
“ lia ; with a proviso, that if they mar-  
“ ried before they were of age, they  
“ should be each in immediate posses-  
“ sion of the estate.”

This sudden news, no doubt, elated us all, and the old gentleman, partly by the intreaties of my uncle, who made use of the common proverbial remark, "what is done cannot be undone," were shortly pacified. Joy and harmony therefore succeeding, we all agreed to go to town immediately, and celebrate our nuptials with uninterrupted pleasure.

Mr. Moreland only remained to be satisfied: which Charlemont

## K 2 perceiving

perceiving, and knowing him to be the means of our happiness, surprized him much by a delivery of the two notes which he had been so alarmed about, and which, upon his first acquaintance with Moreland, and hearing his story, Mr. Charlemont had secretly taken up.

As night was far advancing, we made no delay; therefore my friend and I, with our partners for life, entering one carriage, and my father and the old gentleman the other, while Mr. Motley (no longer Moreland) rode behind, we drove immediately for town. Mrs. Middleton's being the nearest house, we took the liberty of calling there; and after the old lady had a sketch of the past occurrences, she seemed to partake of the general felicity.

Society

Sociality and mirth marked the remainder of the night. I took an opportunity of imparting to my father the letter which my brother had written about poor Sophia, and Mr. Random, who had seduced her. We all agreed to exert our best endeavours in her behalf, when she arrived. My father was very well pleased with the *unfashionable part* which his son had acted in this, and hoped it would be to some good end. In the morning I purposed to see Mrs. Worthy—enquire about her son—and if there was any intelligence of Miss Weldon yet.

## SATURDAY.

*Twelve o'Clock.*

AFTER sending a letter to Mrs. Worthy, with a full account of all that had passed, and requesting the pleasure of her company as soon as possible, the poor old lady came, and with warm congratulations spoke the sincerity of her heart; informing me, at the same time, that the expected Miss Weldon had arrived last night.

Mr. Courtney, understanding the unhappy situation of her son, whose despondency had very much alarmed Mrs. Worthy, declared that he would wait upon Mrs. Commerce, confess his

his real name, and notwithstanding the obstinacy of Mrs. Motley, discover the real parents of her supposed child. Mrs. Worthy blessed him a thousand times for his good intentions; and, during the old gentleman's absence, we amused the time with pleasing remarks upon the past. The old lady gave me a full description of Sophia, which all tended to say, she was beautiful and agreeable. I own I had much curiosity to see her, but understood that the young lady requested to be alone, and accordingly agreed to keep house for Mrs. Worthy till she returned.

*Three o'Clock.*

Mr. Worthy paid us a visit—his countenance foreboded much distress. He wished me and my friend much joy;

joy; but sighing, remarked, that all his hopes were crushed.

When we enjoined an explanation of his words, with heavy sighs he exclaimed—"That Miss Commerce was *indeed* Miss Commerce, and will, in spite of all her own intreaties, be 'Lady Rivington immediately.' The riddle was more dark; but, upon a repetition of our request, the young gentleman obliged us with the explanation.

" Mr. Courtney, this morning, paying me a visit, when he left this, was consulting with me about the best mode of proceeding in this business. At last it was resolved to write to Lord Rivington, whose address we discovered to be at some coffee-house, and to him only disclose my dear Emma's parents; meaning to wait

“ wait upon Mrs. Commerce then,  
“ and obtain her permission; that in  
“ case his lordship declined the match,  
“ I should be her daughter’s husband.  
“ This the old lady, assured of Lord  
“ Rivington’s stability, readily consent-  
“ ed. A letter from his lordship, in  
“ consequence of that which he re-  
“ ceived from Mr. Courtney, now re-  
“ quired the old lady’s attention.”  
“ So,” cried she, “ this is pretty in-  
“ deed—his lordship sends me word  
“ that he wont disgrace his family by  
“ marrying the daughter of Mrs.  
“ Motley.” “ Mr. Courtney and I  
“ were confounded at his lordship’s  
“ impolite manner of evading the  
“ marriage; while Mrs. Commerce,  
“ taking up the pen and ink, said  
“ that she would rectify that mistake,  
“ as she no doubt supposed that it was  
“ Mrs. Motley, through her igno-  
“ rance, fabricated the falsehood.

“ When my husband was dying,  
“ continued Mrs. Commerce, he en-  
“ joined me, for the services which  
“ Mr. Motley had done him, to destroy  
“ some notes of his, and procure for  
“ either him or his wife a situation  
“ from whence they might derive some  
“ little emolument. This I knew was  
“ gratitude in my husband; and I  
“ promised to comply, but the services  
“ which Mr. Motley had done him,  
“ I looked upon as none, for they  
“ were through pecuniary motives,  
“ which (in my estimation at least)  
“ diminished their value. After being  
“ brought to bed of Emma, Mr. Mot-  
“ ley applied to me for the nursing  
“ of the child for his wife; upon  
“ which I sent orders that Mrs. Motley  
“ should give out hers, and that I  
“ would pay for both children. I sent  
“ a woman to Mrs. Motley, to whom  
“ her child, as soon as born, was given  
“ out;

“ out; and having bribed her to take  
“ mine in the place of it, sent Mrs.  
“ Motley her own infant, which hap-  
“ pened to be the one that died. I  
“ confess that my views were not on  
“ the account of my late husband,  
“ to deny Motley any employ that was  
“ in my power to give away; but I  
“ thought that a child was too precious  
“ to be entrusted with a woman, who,  
“ perhaps, owed a spite to my  
“ husband. Here Mr. Courtney in-  
“ terrupted Mrs. Commerce, assuring  
“ her that Mrs. Motley knew nothing  
“ of the connection between her hus-  
“ band and Mr. Commerce. The old  
“ lady, notwithstanding, insisted that  
“ Motley’s child, which died, wanted  
“ proper care and nourishment. She  
“ now prepared to answer Lord Riving-  
“ ton’s letter, and send an explicit ac-  
“ count of the whole affair.”

“ I left

“ I left Mrs. Commerce with sorrow, but Mr. Courtney declared that he would find out his lordship, and see if he could prevail upon him to decline the intended marriage. Knowing that it was all absolute despair, I requested Mr. Courtney to go alone—as I had now neither hopes nor spirits to accompany him.”

We sympathized indeed with the unhappy Worthy, but the presence of Courtney, who, upon seeing the young desponding gentleman, exclaimed—“ She’s yours, my boy—she’s yours”—banished all our sorrow, and excited general curiosity.

Mr. Courtney declared, that after hunting Lord Rivington for some time, he found the person so called in a coffee-house; when, by the means of

Mr.

Mr. Harvey, who was there, he discovered him to be an impostor—whose real name was Tom Villars—and a cousin to the noted Random, who had caused so much trouble. “ I immediately apprehended him, and bringing him before Mrs. Commerce, made him confess all his villainy.

“ The lady very politely thanked me for the attention, and has since promised her consent to make Mr. Wor thy happy.”

The young gentleman, elate with this unexpected success, now ran to Mrs. Commerce, to claim the promise himself, and hear it confirmed by the mother’s own lips.

Emma was ready to receive him, and Mrs. Commerce behaving uncommonly

commonly polite, the next day was intended for the nuptials.

During his absence, I imparted to my dear Charlemont the desire I had to see Miss Weldon, and have this matter between Mr. Random and her completed as soon as possible.

Mr. Courtney went to Mrs. Worthy's house, to visit Sophia, and bring her to us, while young Charlemont waited the return of Worthy, that they might go together in search of Random, and expedite this business.

*Five o'clock.*

On this young gentleman's return—though fatigued as he was—he readily joined young Charlemont in quest of Random. Their dependance was more upon

upon threats than stratagem for the execution of their scheme. I requested them to be very assiduous in behalf of the poor girl, and prayed very heartily for their success.

They had departed but a few minutes, when Mr. Courtney entered—leading in the poor dejected innocent, who, notwithstanding her apparent sorrow, was still beautiful. She seemed averse to society, but we endeavoured all we could to keep up her spirits.

*Eight o'clock.*

We were astonished at the gentlemen's stay. Sometimes we hoped, sometimes despaired. At last the presence of Worthy alone, cleared up all our doubts.

“Well,”

“ Well,” cried Worthy, addressing Miss Weldon, “ after a short introduction, your business is half done”—and then proceeded in his story.

“ When we went to Mrs. Villars’s house—though unprepared for any excuse to see Mr. Random—we were informed, by the servant girl, that her mistress was out, and her young master just arrested.

“ We were greatly surprised at this, and enquired further. She told us, as a secret, that he was *nab’d*, about half an hour ago, for the payment of several articles he had bespoke for his intended wedding.

“ I thought that his often-boasted minority would have screened him from this, but the girl said that his good aunt—fearing she might be responsible

“ sponsible for her nephew’s debt—  
“ has declared he was of age last Mon-  
“ day, so that, by this unfortunate con-  
“ fession, all his hopes of evasion are  
“ crushed.

“ Now Charlemont and I imagined  
“ that this event would be very likely  
“ to promote our success. We en-  
“ quired the place of his confinement,  
“ and away we went to him.”

Here Mr. Worthy’s description of poor Random was exceedingly ludicrous. He was discovered with a pale face and languid looks, over an humble pint of wine. On the appearance of his late rivals he was greatly confused; but, by their assuming a cheerful countenance, and declaring themselves no longer enemies, but friends, he endeavoured to recover himself.

“ We

“ We now enquired,” continued Mr. Worthy, “ the sum that he was in for. He told us about two hundred guineas. His creditor lived in the Strand. He bespoke the articles, he said, of a person he knew, that was about entering partnership with this man. However, he was arrested at the suit of the master of the house.”

“ And have you no friends?” cried Charlemont.

“ Oh no—no—no”—exclaimed the distressed fellow, wringing his hands; “ my aunt sends me word she can’t pay it, and Mr. Simple advises me by all means to go to the King’s Bench, and disappoint the fellows.”

“ Well,” interrupted Charlemont, “ I will do something for you.”

Poor

Poor Random's looks, at this unexpected offer, surpassed all description.

“ Will you indeed !” he cried.

“ Yes. I will go this minute to the man, and discharge the debt. All I ask in return, that you will come with me, as soon as relieved, to Mrs. Moreland’s, and lodge the articles you have bought in the hands of a young lady of my acquaintance there, as a security for the money lent.”

“ Oh,” cried Random, “ I will do any thing. Be so kind as to release me from this infernal den, and you may make any conditions afterwards. Oh, for heaven’s sake be quick, consider to-morrow will be Sunday, and nothing can be done then.”

“ We

“ We accordingly took our leave,  
“ and promised on our return to re-  
“ lease him.

“ We went to the shop in the Strand.  
“ It was a jeweller’s. My friend spoke  
“ to the man of the house. He had  
“ not the money about him, but gave  
“ him a draft on his father, which he  
“ begged the man to send, by the  
“ person from whom Mr. Random be-  
“ spoke the things, in about an hour’s  
“ time, to Mrs. Middleton’s; as Mr.  
“ Charlemont was willing that Ran-  
“ dom — whose freedom he had re-  
“ covered — might be witness of the  
“ money paid.

“ Mr. Charlemont now hastened to  
“ the spunging-house, to release the  
“ poor devil, and bring him here; while,  
“ according to his advice, I have come  
“ before,

“ before, to tell you the story, and prepare Miss Weldon for his reception.”

Worthy had no sooner concluded, than a loud knock at the door announced their coming. I prevailed on Sophia to go in the next room, till her presence was necessary.

Poor Random!—his joy at being at liberty made him forget all his past trouble; but I thought he had lost a great deal of his consequence, or at least he behaved more submissive in our presence.

“ Now, Sir,” cried Charlemont, “ my wife—who awhile ago was Miss Harcourt—has told me a story about a Miss Sophia Weldon——”

Random was extremely confused, and looked over at me.

“ Pardon

“ Pardon me, Sir,” I cried, “ I must  
“ keep no secrets from my husband.”

“ Well,” cried Charlemont, “ all  
“ I ask in return for what I have done  
“ is, that you accept Sophia’s hand,  
“ and make her a good husband, for  
“ being a perfidious lover.—I am sa-  
“ tisfied that these jewels, for which I  
“ have paid, be lodged in the hands  
“ of Miss Weldon.”

“ Come,” cried Mrs. Worthy, “ I  
“ am witness of a promise you made,  
“ and I understand you are of age  
“ too—so there can be no *ewasion*.”

Mr. Random complied, for he saw  
no better alternative—it was either,  
marry the deluded Sophia, or go to  
jail again.

“ Well,”

“ Well,” cried he, addressing me,  
“ you may write to the gentleman in  
“ Oxford, and let him know my reso-  
“ lution.—Poor Sophia!—I shall be  
“ very happy to see her.”

“ I am exceedingly glad to hear it,  
“ Mr. Random—and can inform you  
“ that Mr. Worthy *has* written himself  
“ to the gentleman.”

“ Indeed! I am very much obliged  
“ to you; may be he has sent an an-  
“ swer too—of thanks.”

“ He has, Sir,” cried Mr. Worthy—  
“ and if you will receive his thanks—  
“ they are ready for you in the next  
“ room.”

Mr. Worthy, after saying this, now  
went and led in Miss Weldon. The  
surprise was great.—Poor Sophia, sum-  
moning her resolution, returned him  
not

not only my brother's thanks, but her own.

“ Well,” cried Random, “ Sophia...  
“ you are my wife—I have long pro-  
“ mised, and will now fulfil it; and to  
“ convince you that this resolution is  
“ partly voluntary, I will marry you  
“ now.”

“ That's right,” cried my father; “ I  
“ am the man for your purpose—Re-  
“ verend Mr. Harcourt—at your ser-  
“ vice.”

“ Another Harcourt!—Lord! Lord!”  
cried Random—“ what a great genera-  
“ tion it is.”

Though a person below desired to  
see Mr. Charlemont, yet no interrup-  
tion would be admitted of. Sophia's  
honour was immediately redeemed, and  
then

then Charlemont—supposing it was the person whom he desired to call with the draft, ordered the jeweller to be sent up.

“Who!” cried Random, in surprise, “is it my father-in-law, Mr. Weldon?”

It was Mr. Weldon. He walked in. The bearer of my brother’s letter—who little suspected his daughter was in the room.

This scene was truly affecting; for Sophia, unprepared for her father’s presence, fainted in my arms. The old man was equally astonished, and addressing himself to Mr. Random, asked him why he did not foretel him of this.

“ Why, faith,” he returned, “ be-  
“ cause I did not know it myself—but,  
“ shake hands, old man—I *am* married  
“ at last—here is my wife.”

“ What ! Sophia your wife?—She !  
“ whom your aunt has spoken of with  
“ so much contempt, and prevented a  
“ father from taking home his child.”

The character of Mrs. Villars was now more exposed; even her own nephew abused her. Young Charlemont was exceedingly pleased with this additional happiness—his father paid the money, according to the draft of his son. For a while the old man was unwilling to take it.

“ Is it not for my daughter?” cried he, “ and why should *you*, or *he*, or  
“ any body pay? Believe me, Sir, (ad-  
“ dressing Random) that it was not at  
“ my

" my desire this arrest was taken out.  
" The person with whom I am about  
" entering into partnership, had been  
" once insulted by Mrs. Villars, and  
" took this method of being reveng-  
" ed; but I hope to make ample  
" compensation. The times have mend-  
" ed with me since last I saw my  
" child.—Encouraged by the gentle-  
" men of the university, I am able  
" to set up in London for myself,  
" and hope, though I *was* a poor man,  
" to be *now* no discredit to my son or  
" daughter."

It was with much ado he could be prevailed upon to accept the money; but told Mr. Random, that next Monday he would give him more than would enable him to repay Mr. Charlemont. He seems entirely satisfied with his wife.

We sat down to supper, and entertained ourselves with the recollection of the past.—All but poor Worthy, who wanted his Emma, were supremely happy.

SUNDAY.

## SUNDAY.

AFTER church, we went, according to invitation, to Mrs. Commerce's, and were witnesses of much pleasure and vivacity. Mr. Worthy having a licence ready, my father joined his hand with Miss Commerce's, and declared, after the ceremony, that he had more business *of this sort* the present week, than ever he had for a month before. General happiness succeeded, and smiles of bliss attended the nuptial day.

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We were told that Mr. and Mrs. Motley, mortified at their severe disappointment, resolved to leave London the succeeding day. My husband,

as he promised, sent them a present before their departure, which, I suppose, being unexpected, partly satisfied them for their loss.

---

Mr. Tom Villars, the *Lord*, had made a sudden exit, so Mr. Harvey told me; and poor Random's aunt, not being able to bear the shock of her nephew's marriage, the means of it, and introduction of a country girl into her family, prepared immediately *to die* in the country—and there let her *rest*!

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Mr. Worthy wrote a full account of the matter to my brother. I suppose Charles was astonished to read, that his father and sister had witnessed the marriage of Sophia. We received a congratulating letter from him, which also contained his resolution of seeing us soon.

I took

I took the earliest opportunity of writing to my other brother, who has since returned from sea; and likewise to my sister Sally. The letters were to be delivered by my father, who intended to leave London the next day. I assured my dear brothers and sisters that I still retained a most grateful remembrance of them, and requested in my conclusion,

“ That whatever imprudence my  
“ short history might betray, should be  
“ attributed to my youthful folly. We  
“ are all prone to error—some more and  
“ some less; but I hoped my dear bro-  
“ thers, sister, and ALL FRIENDS, would  
“ deem those faults to be those of nature,  
“ and venial, which appear in the story  
“ of Mrs. Charlemont, when

“ MARIA HARCOURT.”

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